

# The War Cry

16th Special Anniversary Number

Wm Booth, General  
Editor, 1871-1898

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 29th, 1898.

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## Bliss and Blister.

Love has to die to prove that it has lived.  
The furnace and the gold are good friends.

Faith in God gives men faith in one another.

Much doing is not so important as well doing.

God has given us a higher mission than to stuff our hides.

When you pray for a revival, don't do it on a hack seat.

Behavior is a mirror in which everyone displays his own image.

Every beginning is pleasant. The unreasoned is the place of expectation.

"Be careful for nothing," does not mean, "be careless about everything."

Self-praise is like a church steeple—the higher it goes the narrower is its base.

The devil is willing to stand by the preacher when he can take a hand in the music.

If some people couldn't find anything to hide behind, they would be always on the run.

Misunderstandings and neglect occasion more mischief in this world than even malice and wickedness.

Many a man sets up for a public benefactor who never thinks it worth while to give his wife a word of encouragement.

Words are good, but there is something better. The best cannot be explained in words. The spirit on which we act is the chief matter.

The Salvation Army has demonstrated that it is consistent with Christianity to be very practical and very religious at the same moment.

The Almighty Saviour is able to do all that needs to be done in you in the twinkling of an eye, once you are really willing to have it done.

"Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him, what'er befalls;  
Try not to find Him in the evil days  
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Gains on the rock that nought can move."

## SUDDENLY CUT OFF.

### A True Incident.

"I'm so tired," grieved Tom, as he slung shovel after shovel of gravel upon the dump, which carried the rails of the C. P. R., "and to-day is Saturday. I'm bound to go to town this evening, and have a good 'blow out,' come along with me Jacob."

"Oh, I guess not. After a fellow has worked all week, he don't feel much like tramping eight miles into town, and then only to spend your money—guess I won't go."

"That's just like you; you'd like your ma to let you a bit. Well, I'm going anyhow."

That night the winds of a North-West autumn were moaning and whining. An occasional cypress yelp could be heard as he sped across the lonely prairie; perhaps in quest of a shelter, for winter was coming on. Phantoms seemed to be stalking and fro, whispering of secret plots that darkness alone knew of.

Angels were weeping, for they had to forego a charge that they had protected from its infamy. Ah, did a mother in a distant foreign land dream of the doings of a boy who had been the prayer of her heart for years? "The boy had been the pride of her life. Many a hallowed hope for the future had swollen her breast, as she had watched the sleeping infant, his innocent angel-face nestled in the snowy white pillows. Ah, could mother but know how the grinning demons of the bottomless pit, watched with satisfaction the bartender, as he poured glass after glass of the deadly poison for her boy, who was running with the swiftness of the wind toward his doom. Little old Tom and his comrades think that their sun and net for the last time.

Hopelost drunk, Tom, at an early Sunday morning hour, started to walk—

whether? On, on, and yet onward he went, until at a distance he saw a glimmering light. "Guess I'll sit down here and look at that light. Well, how nice that is, just like—"

"Engine 125 to be taken into the round-house and cleaned," were the night turners' orders, and soon the wipers set to work. But—what's that? On the pilot they saw scraps of flesh, and clothing, and some blood.

Early next morning a few children, who were walking along the R. R. track discovered a few fragments of a human body.

There were only a few scraps of Tom recognizable.

While I'm sitting here reflecting on these things my heart almost fails me, and I turn sick at the thought, not only of the mangled and crushed body (for I was an eye-witness to the scene) but the soul. What about the soul? The soul I All unprepared to meet God.

"Hell has no end," seems to be a sentence grown to be quite old, and seems to have no weight to the sinner, it simply means eternity. Eternity! And what does that mean? Listen!

Have you found Christ as your Saviour? If not, this bottomless pit is awaiting your coming. Oh, be wise and flee to yonder mountain, there, at the feet of a crucified Jesus find refuge and safety. There the waters of destruction cannot reach you. Sinner, seek salvation ere you are lost with the damned.—H. Kreiger.

[Short Story.]

## Daisy's Temptation.

By RUTH.

BY the beautiful lakes of Northern Canada, Daisy's childhood days were spent. She grew in character as the sturdy pine trees that crowded the bluffs near the old farm house; everything seemed in her favor, as far as this life is concerned. With every home comfort she was the idol of her mother's heart. In school she learned rapidly, her ambition carrying her on in advance of other scholars, until, at quite an early age, she got her certificate as school teacher. Her pride and self-respect were so great that she scorned the idea of her ever being tempted or led away into sin. Strong religious influences had always surrounded her; she had at one time taken upon her the name of Christ, and passed as a Christian among those who knew and loved her best. Nevertheless, often the Spirit's sweet voice spoke in her soul, "This is not a whole-hearted life; give yourself fully to God, consecrate your all-time, talents, ambition—your whole being to Him. But as she contemplated all this, a little mean—selfish, unloving, and, above all, giving up the cherished ambition of making a name in the world—her soul answered a No to the Spirit's pleadings, and she followed harder than ever the self-chosen path.

Now came the great crisis in Daisy's life. Human love was offered her by one whom she looked up to and respected. With a mild, idolatrous love she chose him, and the proud spirit that had never yielded before was swept by the power of a human affection in a dream of bliss. The bright spring days wore on, and she took the fatal step that hurried her down from the pinnacles of pride and ambition to the dust.

### An Outcast.

Isolating herself in a fever of anguish, she left her happy childhood's home by the placid lakes and whispering pine trees, for she could not endure to see the dear ones at home crushed to the earth with shame and sorrow over her downfall. So she made up her mind that she would go where nobody knew her, and when next we see her is within the walls of the hospital in a distant city, with the bitter agonizing tears of remorse falling upon the head of her unconscious infant, as she clasped him to her bosom. "Oh, my darling, you are all I have in the world. We will cling to each other; was all the cry from her poor, bleeding heart. At last, with her money nearly all gone, and knowing not where to turn, with her baby in her arms, she heard of two Army Nurses' Homes, where blighted lives like hers could find solace and love. "I have drunk the gall to my bitter dream," she said to the officers, one day after she had been admitted. "I can bear no more."

A long-looked-for letter came from home, in the dear familiar hand-writing, but as her eager eyes scanned the pages they were overclouded with bitter, disappointing tears.

### "Give Up the Child."

It said, "And come back home, and we will take you away where you are not known, this is the least you can do to please us, after all the disgrace you have brought upon us."

"I'll never do it," she said fiercely, "not

if I had to die. I would rather starve. If I never see them again, I won't give up my poor baby."

In the Home the Lord tenderly led the once haughty girl to see her sin as she saw it, and brought her back into peace. But sometimes the thought of all she had lost would come over her with such overwhelming force, that she would steal out into the garden, and give up and down upon the damp sod, while the wind tossed her disheveled hair about her burning brow, and the dull despairing eye was stony with grief. A sorrow, too deep for words, was Daisy's. After a time a nice home was opened up for her and her child in the country in the new role of a servant. She tried to faithfully fulfill her duties. "It is now I find the lessons I learned in the Home, both of patience and work, some of great service to me. No girl can really value the Home until they have left it," she says.

"Would you like to go to the hospital—meant for the Capt. and day night. Daisy was on a little visit. "Yes, I was just wishing I could go," she joyfully replied. The officer at the Home looked at her and said that this duty might at last yield herself fully to Him. "I'm sanctified," exclaimed Daisy, sitting into her room a few hours afterwards. "The Lord showed me the light, and it was what you said yesterday about coming as a little humble child, and I have always knew I should, but I wanted fame for the honor of this world. But He had to bring me down. I know I always argued against being sanctified, but it was because I knew I ought to be." We could only utter a fervent "Praise God," and imprint a kiss upon the fair upturned face, whilst our tears of joy mingled with hers that at last in her heart she had "crowned Jesus Lord of all."

## The Corner Stone.

A great cathedral was being built. The most beautiful and exquisitely carved, made its walls. Its wood-work was like satin, and of delicate colors. The windows were like rich paintings, like the wonderful stories of Christ's life. The workmen had come from far and near, the most skillful only having been chosen. For months hammers and chisels rang, till at last all but one window was finished. It was a rough window, not very large, where rich sunlight fell softly and late.

"Strange! It should have been forgotten," said the master workman; "the Bishop comes tomorrow, and all should be finished."

A little bent man, with a shrewd but kindly face, limped up. Doffing his cap, he said:

"Sir, I have made a window for that space from late of the other windows. Pray you, let it go up."

"It is the best we can do," said the master. "Put it up for the morning, but let that be the last one done." The next day the church was crowded. Just as the old Bishop turned to preach the sermon, the sun burst forth. It came through the south window, touching his white hair with a halo. Everyone turned to look. The stranger's window was a flashing jewel. Although it was made of bits, the colors were so blended that it shone like one. The light glittered and broke into a thousand rays.

The Bishop knew about the forgotten window, and the strange way in which one had been made. He had written a stately sermon, but he put it away, and preached the thought the beautiful window gave, "The rejected stone being the head of the corner."

People who heard it and saw the window never forgot. So shall we feel, little and big, when we see that some of our little efforts, which many thought worthless, shall be counted by Jesus worthy of all recognition.—Exchange.

## AN ARGUMENT SETTLER.

F. N. D. writes in the English War Cry as follows:

I overheard the following remarks on Gossyp by one officer to another at a Home of Rest:

"I never try to settle differences by argument at my corps. I aim at changing the spirit of both parties. If you try to reconcile them by reasoning, in nine cases out of ten—at least I have found it leads to controversy. In my mind the right way to go to work? Change the spirit of a man, and he will see other people without prejudice. He will, at any rate, see himself as he is; and when once he discovers his own faults, the faults of others appear smaller. Quarrelsomeness, gossiping people delight in magnifying their own views of a person. The last thing in the world they will do is to assume the person they talk about may have any reason to give for the conduct alleged against them."

The above clipping cannot be so widely circulated.

## Pointed Paragraphs

Gathered by ENSIGN TURPIN.

No word of love is lost.

Be some man's true friend.

It takes a strong man to stand alone.

Consider no ties when righteousness is in question.

A good example is never lost. It is the spirit of light.

The only way to be holy is to have the Holy Spirit.

Whoever is doing wrong will be slain with his own sword.

In the worst man there is something that may be touched.

The only way to have clean hands is to have a clean heart.

The only way to get right outwardly is to get right inwardly.

No true ministry is a failure, though it may have aspects which are discouraging.

Only when we are at the very edge of things, and are even looking over the very edge of the precipice below, can we know how near is the arm, and how tender is the grace of God.

## Adjutant Manton's Visit to Buffalo I.

Years ago it was the writer's privilege to fight in the Land of the Maple Leaf. Victory was ours, but we were avowed sinners were revived, and soldiers' names were our experience, and ever pleasing to our memories were the councils led by our Commissioners and other well known Canadian Staff Officers, and to be honest, we owe much of our present success and standing to pleasures received in those to us really good old times.

How well I remember the late Brigadier Read when Adjutant, taking my arm and walking me down the streets of Ottawa, and in the most brotherly way saying, "Dear H—, how is your soul?" How can we help but rejoice in the fact, that we ever had the privilege of fighting and suffering with such a man of God. His kindness lives, and we are confident that there are many officers in the United States with the writer who thank God for the reality of Brigadier Read's consecration.

Another dear comrade whom we have ever had reason to remember is Adj. Manton, and on taking over our present command, we purposed in our heart to have him special for us. Our wish has been granted, and the best week-end we have had yet was Oct. 8th, 9th, and 10th. The Adjutant was in command. The crowds were simply delighted. Soldiers were saved, and thank God, many of our comrades have been led into deeper depths.

Sunday eclipsed anything we have seen for a long time. At night an old man, 72 years of age, stood up and said, "Friends, I have been a sinner for 72 years. I have swallowed all my possessions, which were considerable. Sin has brought me down, but somehow I like that the Adj. has to say, 'I wish I could be a Christian, but I can't.' I give in your collections, and will help you, but I can't get saved. In spite of all our efforts he would not yield, but one of our dear soldiers took the old man to his home on purpose that he might pray with him, so that we are believing that he shall yet be saved."

A little girl knelt at the Mvrey Seat, and with her one of those intonations whom the world condemns, but for whom Christ died, and a few said, "Pray for us, that we may be restored to God and the dear old S. A. Truly this was a most wonderful Sunday. For downright earnest pleading and entreaty, we never saw the Adjutant better. He was backed up by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hinder (formerly Capt. Annie Hassan) two old Canadian officers who are still proving their loyalty and devotion to God and the Army by their deeds.

Monday night was announced as a swearing in of Recruits as Soldiers, and a lecture, entitled, "50 Years of Smiles and Tears." My, what a crowd. Soldiers on fire. Bond at its best, and for enthusiasm the Adjutant declares it beats Newmarket. The soldiers and comrades of Buffalo are one with you in their mission to seek the worst, and in prove by our deeds that we are one Salvation Army.

Monday night was another great day. The people were carried away with the Adjutant's description of his life from childhood to the conversion at the commencement of the Army in Canada, also his beautiful description of its growth, extension and solidity. He is evidently an enthusiastic Salvationist. Three men volunteered their lives for God at the close of the meeting.

An Old Canadian Parade



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## His Visit to St. John.

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# Vermontese Victories

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S TOUR SURPASSINGLY  
SUCCESSFUL.

GREAT CROWDS—SELECT AUDIENCES.

**E**QUAL to any meetings conducted by Miss Booth on this continent, in the opinion of one officer's opinion of the recent meetings conducted by the Field Commissioner in our Vermont corps.

The beginning was not promising such a triumphant tour, although a large audience greeted our beloved leader at the Methodist Church, St. Albans. There is no doubt that the visit was appreciated. Note the following clipping from the Daily Messenger, of Oct. 7th, 1888:

"Seldom are the people of St. Albans given an opportunity to hear so distinguished a speaker as Commissioner Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, who addressed a large audience at the Methodist Church last evening.

The meeting was opened by Brigadier Bennett, who offered prayer. Miss Booth selected for her subject the 5th chapter of Isaiah, and for about an hour held the closest attention of the audience.

During the evening little Willie, Miss Booth's adopted boy, sang a few selections.

Miss Booth is a rich and eloquent speaker, and will always have a hearty welcome in St. Albans."

A splendid audience filled the Methodist Church, at Burlington, on Friday night. The meeting was enthusiastic and a great success. The following is an extract from the report in the Burlington Press, of Oct. 8th:

"The singing of the hymn, 'Rock of Ages,' furnished Commissioner Booth with the subject for a short lesson in which she passed to an eloquent address, in which she told of the love of the Divine hand in all the walks of life. She spoke of the way in which God's hand directed the affairs of life and showed the way to eternal salvation for those who would accept His guidance. This hand points out sin and folly, and at the same time shows us where to obtain salvation. The hand will stand between the Christian and his troubles and lend him carefully over the rough places."

Commissioner Booth told of her experience among those in need of help from the hand of God, and related instances of her work in this country and in England. She told pitiful stories of the effects of vice and the changes brought by the introduction of the word of God through the work of the Salvation Army.

Commissioner Booth is a speaker of much power. Her language is well chosen and effective. Many who went to the meeting purely from curiosity went away with an impression regarding the Salvation Army, which placed its work far higher in the scale than they had ever before imagined it to be.

The morning and evening meetings at Barre were conducted by the Field Commissioner, and the Barre Daily Times gives a very detailed report of the services. Two different churches were placed at the disposal of the Army, and on both occasions were packed with a very superior audience; and many had to be turned away. We cannot do better than give extracts of the local press reports:

"Every seat in the large auditorium of the Congregational Church was occupied at the morning service Sunday, and many were in the aisles and entry, all eager to hear Commissioner Eva Booth, youngest daughter of General William Booth, of the Salvation Army. In place of the regular choir, soldiers of the Army occupied the singers' seats. Rev. S. N. Jackson, Miss Booth and other Army officers were in the pulpit. Dr. Jackson offered prayer, after which the meeting was placed in charge of Miss Booth. She introduced the handsome live-year-old boy whom she has adopted, and who is known as 'Little Willie.' He sang several Army songs. Miss Booth then commenced her sermon, and

for nearly an hour held the closest attention of her audience. She refrained from giving the work of the Army, but devoted her time to showing God's love for humanity, and how when we turn from God there is likely to be a step backwards. Miss Booth is a powerful and eloquent speaker, has an excellent command of language and gives her thoughts in a manner that makes the listener give her attention.

The evening service at the Methodist Church was also well attended, the body of the church, the aisles and even the hallways were packed full. In the pulpit with Miss Booth were the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Alwater, Brigadier Bennett, and other officers of the Army. Miss Booth was introduced by Edwin Whelan, and took for her text the

words of Christ while suffering on the cross, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' Little Willie sang three songs. After the regular service Miss Booth invited the audience to remain for a prayer meeting, and many stayed."—Barre Evening Telegram.

Soldiers and officers, as well as numerous friends, in the places visited by Miss Booth are highly gratified with the Commissioner's meetings and the immediate effect they had in bringing the S. A. before the general public. Many prominent men from the Vermontese capital were present at the Barre meetings.

Although a series of such public engagements are of necessity a very heavy strain upon our beloved commander, and apt to throw her back physically, yet she appears to have returned in fair health and good spirits for the October gatherings.

"Why should poets and theologians and other folks think and say that a man must be a mixture of God and the devil? God can throw the devil completely out of a man, and make him all of God and none of the devil."—The General.



## COURAGE.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

**I**S it oft thy heart has failed thee, hast thou many times gone back?

Linger not to count the failures strewn along life's stormy track;

If the gathering shadows thicken with the voices of the past,

See! there shines a golden promise o'er the gloomy darkness cast,

Reading, "As I was with Moses, so I'm going to be with thee!"

Reading, "COURAGE, and with Joshua more than conqueror you shall be!"

Dost thou fear to face the perils and the shot of battle-ground?

Oh, remember, in the furnace grace sufficient martyrs found!

Hold not back when storms are raging and the enemy is strong;

It is when the Jordan's swelling, Jesus lives to lead us on,

Proving, "As I was with Moses, so I'm going to be with thee!"

Proving, "COURAGE, and with Joshua more than conqueror you shall be!"

**COURAGE!** let it be our Watchword, as a light to guide along;  
Over Death's last foaming waters—singing then the conqueror's song!"

It will brighten up the valley, it will open wide the Gate;

It will bring us through life's shadows to where shining angels wait,

Singing, "As He was with Moses so the Lord has been with me!"

Singing, "Jesus' Blood has conquered! Victory!" through Eternity.



## Top-Tips

Given by the General Secretary to a War Cry Man.

"Amazingly successful were these meetings in Vermont, in fact the —."

"Yes, thank you, the reports are very encouraging, and will appear in the War Cry that will contain the report of this interview."

"As to the coming engagements of the Field Commissioner, there is first on the list a Bible Reading to the ladies of the W. C. T. U., on Thursday, Oct. 25th, also an appointment with the management of the Ontario Ladies' College. Whittby, although the date of this has not been fixed yet."

"The October Councils —."

"Yes, these councils will, of course, be the event of the year, and judging from the outline of the subjects for the public meetings which we have seen, a rare treat is in store for all who will be present."

"What other engagements are on the list after these?"

"A visit to the East is next arranged for. Miss Booth will arrive at

Halifax

on the night of Nov. 25th, and conduct meetings in the Auditorium of Music Sunday and Monday following. The Monday is announced as "MISS BOOTH IN HAGS," which, since its first production, has never ceased to be talked about.

"On Tuesday, Nov. 29th, the Field Commissioner will speak in the Rev. Guler's Church, at Truro, and proceed on the following day to

St. John, N.B.,

where she will conduct large meetings Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st. The "Kings" meeting will take place on Thursday. There will also be officers' meetings at Halifax and St. John."

"All arrangements for these meetings are completed?"

"Yes, sir, all fixed O. K. Appointments have been made with the gentlemen of the Press, who always like to interview Miss Booth when she comes their way."

"Please give me the remaining public appointments of the Commissioner."

"Miss Booth will speak at one of the Temperance Meetings conducted Sunday afternoon in the Toronto Pavilion, most likely in December, and other engagements are under consideration, which will fill her time up till Christmas."

"Then—when—how—can you tell me when Miss Booth does her office work, attend to her multitudinous correspondence and deal with the numerous business matters which of necessity must claim a great deal of her time?"

"In the morning, at dinner, between meetings, in the train, at night, at her home, in her office at headquarters when in Toronto, at her hotel, or at the officers' quarters—anywhere and everywhere, and whenever time can be made for it and ALWAYS EFFICIENTLY."

And the War Cry man bowed his way out.

## Where We Touch Jesus.

It is not said that, we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our sins, or our guilt, or our carnal nature.

None of these touch Him. He never had any sins, guilt, or carnal nature. True, He suffered to redeem mankind from sin, guilt, and to destroy the carnal nature. These things separate us from Christ and prevent us from touching Him.

Paul says, "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities."

Our infirmities appeal to His sympathy and elicit His compassion. He knows what it is to be tired, hungry, sleepy; and He knows how these things depress the mind and nervous system. He knows what grief and sorrow mean. He knows what it means to be misunderstood and misjudged, and the feelings of these things produce. He knows what it is to be homeless and penniless, and how the world frowns on the unfortunate ones. All these things touch Him. He was tempted in all points, not as the drunkard, gambler, thief, murderer, of mere worldly, but as we are, whose temptations come only through our infirmities that is, as the wholly cancelled are tempted.

Sinners are tempted through infirmities; converted people are tempted through carnal propensities; but sanctified people are tempted through infirmities.—J. M. MURKILL.

How can any man have the Christ spirit who has not the Christ life?

If the life be given to Christ, the whole life is holy. We do not live two lives—one religious, one secular—after we become Christians.

## RESCUE ADVANCES.

INFORMATION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE WOMENS SOCIAL WORK  
GIVEN BY MRS. BRIGADIER READ IN AN INTERVIEW.

No branch of the Salvation Army work appeals so much as Christ-like to the general public, and this in it so much of the pathetic, than the Rescue Work among women. Each one of the 625 girls which have passed through our Homes during the last year is an interesting case in its own way—and, if their stories were collected in a book, it would prove more fascinating than many a fiction.

Definite advances have been made with regard to the number of cases admitted in our Homes, in finances, in the number of conversions, and in the value of work done by the inmates of these Homes, to help in their support. It may, probably, not be known that with each one of our Rescue Homes there is also a Children's Department connected, and nearly 800 of these little ones passed through our Rescue Homes during the last year.

With regard to finances, it is a pleasure to note the increase of sympathy among the general public as expressed practically of larger contributions. We have also been able to employ our girls to better advantage in the Homes, the value of work done amounting to no less than \$1517. (These figures are for the 12 months ending Aug., 1908.) The capacity of our Homes, of which we have eleven in the territory, aggregates 164 girls and 150 children. The cases received in these Homes embrace all classes of society, from the young girl which comes into the Home as a present case, to the old habitual one.

The most gratifying results of our work is that after careful computation, we find 85 per cent. of the girls who left our Homes have proved satisfactory, and 188 of these have confessed conversion, as well as given every evidence of it.

Our Homes are always filled, and the civil and police authorities are doing all they can to assist us in our efforts to help the unfortunate.

We have been very anxious, especially of late, to make our Rescue Homes real homes to the girls, and not merely institutions. It is also very satisfactory to note that a large majority of cases the girls who have left our Homes to go to situations, make it a practice to visit the Home from time to time. We encourage the girls in this, as much as possible, and have a special room set apart for this purpose, so that in their visits they need not associate with the present inmates of the Home. For instance, Staff-Captain Cowan, of the London Home, writes that she had recently ten of her former girls, who are now doing well, visit her one evening and took tea with the officer. These girls get very much attached to our officers, who are often the only persons who show any genuine affection for them, and they greatly value it.

A novel advance has been made in the institution of a Maternity Home at St. John, N.B. In the past maternity work has been done in our Rescue Homes, and, as much as possible, we have kept young offenders and old cases separate, which is a very necessary one, but in the future either it has become necessary to consider the opening of separate maternity hospitals. The home proposed for this purpose at St. John, N.B., will soon be ready for opening. Adjutant Jost, who will have the oversight of the same, writes as follows:

"We have the house all white-washed, papered and cleaned. What I am sure they are going to try and get the floors painted so that when I come home there will be nothing to do, but move in the furniture. We have four stoves up already. We had a nice kitchen range given us. There are two stoves, and a hot water boiler belonging to the Home, and we bought a second-hand hot stove. One new chair is giving us \$50 worth of furniture.



ADJUTANT WALTON,  
Helena (Mont.) Rescue Home.



ENSIGN TOVELL,  
St. Johns, Nfld.

another bed-linen, others hardware, crockery, paint, and others furnishings. I am believing to get it furnished nicely without laying out much cash. People in general seem interested. There are a few things we should settle about so that I may know what to tell the people when asked."

"A doctor, one of the hospital staff, is greatly interested and offers his services free, also thinks he can form a staff of young doctors with himself, so we can always have one of them to attend."

In other distinct departure has been the introduction of midnight meetings for the classes from which we recruit the inmates of our Rescue Homes. A nice hall has been secured in St. John, N.B., in which meetings will be conducted once or twice a week, according to the season and the need.



One of the Children Given Out for  
Adoption by Our Rescue Home.

Some of our Homes are continually kept filled with girls who apply for admittance voluntarily. In other cases our officers regularly visit the brothels and pray with the inmates. Many of the worst cases have in this manner been induced to come to our Homes, and have turned out well.

Among the many touching cases mentioned by Mrs. Brigadier Read to a Cry man is a very touching incident about a little girl of 11 years of age, which was found on a schooner by a policeman, and handed over to our officers. She had not slept in a bed in all her life, until she came to the Home, living in the street and sleeping anywhere at night. She was unable to read or write, but is now eagerly learning both.

Requests have reached us from Quebec for the opening of a Rescue Home, and one or two more openings are under consideration, but the greatest drawback in the great need of officers for this work. We have recently received a young girl in one of our Homes out of a house of ill-fame, in which she had been for years. She had been addicted to the use of morphine, and it was very difficult to get her

to give it up, but she finally triumphed and is now nearly cured of this terrible habit. She has turned out a splendid girl, and although every two weeks the old appetite makes itself felt, yet with careful watching we have every hope that she will soon be completely delivered.

Another case of interest is a woman who has been evidently very handsome in her time. She had been a keeper of a bad house for 15 or 20 years, nevertheless she is now in our Home, and, for some months back, has given every evidence of a change of heart.

The annual cost to save a girl, averaging all cases alike, is sixteen dollars, which certainly is a very paying investment to anyone in position to donate that sum. When Mrs. Read told the gentleman the cost after he had enquired, referring especially to a case we had sent to the Home from our penitentiary, he said it was worth \$1,000 to the city to have that girl removed, so had an influence had she remained in the town.

Day by day, quietly, unnoticed, patiently they plod on under difficulties, discouragements and perplexities, these devoted Rescue Officers, but their crown will shine brightly on the Eternal Morning.

danger of accidents as we have no overhead counter-shafts.

"How is trade, in general?"

"There is a slight improvement on the whole. We are not doing any retail business at all now at Headquarters, since Trade Depots have been established in connection with each Provincial Headquarters. Uniform sells best of any Trade Goods. Literature is not so much in demand, and we hope that the P. O.'s will find time to bring our excellent books more to the attention of our people and that of the outside public. In addition to this, of course, we sell the renowned Jubilee Tea."

"How are the War Cry payments at present?"

"I am very happy to say that they are very satisfactory since the enlargement of the War Cry has taken place, and if the Provincial Officers will keep it up, we shall have considerable postage and correspondence, as well as have the prospect of a prolonged life."

"Tell me something about the new coupon, which has been introduced with the enlarged War Cry?"

"The coupon is an additional benefit to



MAJOR AND MRS. HORN, AND HERMANN AND VICTOR.

## Trade Topics.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE TRADE  
SECRETARY.

It is a constant puzzle to the writer, that the business self-covering, commonly called hair, scarce though it may be, has not entirely fallen out during the recent few weeks, and left the noble Trade Secretary bald and shaven.

His days have not sufficient hours to deal with all the many urgent business matters crowding upon him. The Printing House was sold over his head and the entire plant and machinery had to be removed in a few days, while the printers were over-crowded with work.

Major Horn, has been at his post from early morn till late at night, to bring order in the chaos that existed during the time of moving the printing plant into the Temple basement. Nevertheless, he cheerfully agreed to give the Cry reporter a few moments of his time for an interview.

"What about these alterations, Major, will they pay?"

"It will prove a great saving to the concern, after the first investment. We shall have better accommodation for all the different sections of the Trade Department; we shall be able to occupy the waste space of our Headquarters and the change will mean considerable saving in the running expense of both the printing establishment and the property itself."

"What premises will you occupy in the Temple?"

"In the first place the Trade Offices will take up the former tailor-store, from there a door will lead in the eastern half of the Temple basement, which has been divided into the compositor's room, and a fine large press-room. In addition to this the old officers' quarters in the rear have been added to it. Three more storeys, and the different rooms are used for Tailoring, Book binding, and Photo-Engraving Departments, as well as giving sufficient store-room for our Trade stock."

"Will you effect any saving in the motive power for your machinery?"

"We expect to run our machinery more economically in the new premises. There will be separate electric motors for each of the three large presses, so that we only pay for the actual power used. There is also less

former arrangements and is practically a 10 per cent. rebate to all officers who pay for their War Cry in full and on time. These coupons will be taken by the Trade Depots as cash in payment for uniforms, and will prove a great assistance, especially to those officers who only draw a very small salary."

"There's always bound to be klickers," exclaimed Meandering Mike, "did you ever know a time when de people agreed unanimously dat dey had de right man in de right place?" "Only once," replied Flooding Pete. "I was hein' put into jail on de occasion."



The Territorial Secretary.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

PORT ARTHUR, Thursday, Nov. 3.

RAT PORTAGE, Friday, Nov. 4.

WINNIPEG, Saturday to Wednesday, Nov. 5 to 9.

## C. B. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY—St. John I, Oct. 27; St. John II, Oct. 28; Carleton, Oct. 29, 30, 31; St. John III, Nov. 1; Fairville, Nov. 2; St. John V, 3; Penobscue, Nov. 4; Sussex, Nov. 5, 6.

ENSIGN COLLIER—Dresden, Nov. 1; Wallaceburg, Nov. 2; Port Arthurs, Nov. 3; Sarnia, Nov. 4; Petrolia, Nov. 5; Glenora, Nov. 7; Wyoming, Nov. 9; Forest, Nov. 9.

ENSIGN ANDREWS—St. Catharines, Oct. 29, 30; Hamilton I, Nov. 1, 2; Hamilton II, Nov. 3, 4; Dundas, Nov. 5, 6; Brant, Nov. 7; Oakville, Nov. 8.

ENSIGN CUMMINS—Hannah, Oct. 24 to 27; Morden, Oct. 28 to 30; Winnipeg, Oct. 31.

## Ref

The Bereavement



ing the last months of the youngest boy, bar, life, and is at present his former self, but will rally. Everything little Eva here, but the Country strength is surely drawn unyielding, but she bears like her old dear, ceived a pond-not sure that thousands and friends will give the following

Faith and

"I shall, I fancy the dear work of comfort others, a hungry to be back treasure has left little in advance of Her lovely air, breath of heaven I has always shown a most promising other world; and far as human strength, and has a most promising that she has just senger fulfilling linking our hearts and most eternal, to watch at the C shall have finished follow on, I don't remember with any of the age. She had a wonderful expression through her illness in my movements seemed to take Her sufferings were

"But she is no nor sadness can I will try to find heart that loves I will by-and-by be one, in a union for ever."

"Don't be too not full you nor now I doubtless because of the anguish of suspense learn the lesson to teach, and thus in vain."

The Winter

My thoughts have been, as millions turned on the col I put a word in Leeds Soldiers night, and it is looking at the T fully, notwithstanding last week, I can increase asked I is not big enough come to that pe most interested, Soldiers. To assumed of the is at the rate of thirty thousand world over, but is that number world's great n

But I suppose mislabeled's del larger than h numbers w determined to and hoping for those mentioned

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Yes, that is I am still occupied that the result dently desired, for, but what the fixing of t achievement of ders, or rather who desire do this he done? manders, and and Corps Cm flow on this hunk, or rath



# Reflections THE GENERAL.

By

Now, Staff and Field and Local Officers, at what will you fix your personal Target as it now is? Soldier-making? Every thing else will follow, or rather accompany this. Success in Soldier-making is, as a rule, success in everything else.

## The Hooligan.

The Hooligan is a species of London rough, who neither cares for God nor man, robbing, and kicking, and fighting anyone in the dark streets of the city at their pleasure, often with a display of horrible cruelty. Brigadier Hoggard has made a good start with this class, admittedly so dangerous and difficult to deal with. Looking after them by means of Police, Magistrates, Prison Guards, and the like must cost a frightful amount of money, and yet they don't, confessedly, go beyond influencing them by fear of punishment, and not much of that.

Flogging has been recommended, but this is a kind of retrograde movement that is not altogether to the fancy of this age. Why not try to reach these desperadoes by the way of their hearts? They are not without the moral sense. They know right from wrong, if only dimly, and are open to the influence that have broken down and reformed the hardest-hearted wretches that have ever walked the earth. Perhaps it may be said, "Why does not the Salvation Army go for the salvation of these classes?" Well, also does, and every week has trophies to show that would astonish the world if it knew the truth. But for the London Hooligan a body of specially-trained officers are required, who could give their whole time to the business, and if the authorities will give us a portion of the funds they spend upon Police, Pauper Homes, and Prisons, we will show them results that will astonish them still further. We have made a start, however. As reported in last week's Social Gazette, a crowd of the roughs of the lowest type were gathered to support, and behaved themselves like gentlemen, listening to what was said, and one of them sought salvation right away.

## Further Proposals.

Further operations are proposed as follows: 1. A weekly tract, to be accompanied and followed by Salvation Talking, Singing, and Pentecost Form. 2. Open-air at ten and eleven, and twelve o'clock at night in their particular haunts. All is quiet: like a church. Children asleep. No traffic. Very convenient for salvation on the spot. 3. Police and tradespeople will be in sympathy with us. 4. Officers from different parts of London will gladly give us a hand. 5. This can be done with but little extra expense and without wading any other good work. Who will help?

## My Next Campaign.

The sphere of my next Campaign, after Cardiff, will be, by God's permission, the cities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. These are old and favorite fishing-grounds with me, and I am expecting a blessed success. St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, is a large building, and will take in a mighty crowd; and the Music Hall, Edinburgh, will contain a good many people. Will my comrades in and around these places see to it that the right classes of people are there? Oh, if every soldier would bring with him a man or woman who makes no pretension to religion, and who, when saved, would be likely to join our ranks and help us with the fight, what a striking result we would have!

## Financialettes.



## TIPS GIVEN BY MAJOR SMEETON

During the year, completed with our 16th Anniversary, some advances are to be noted in connection with the Financial and Property Departments. New buildings have been erected at Munster, X.I., and St. Thomas, Ont., the latter especially is notable, being erected on an entirely novel style, and will be a very creditable edifice to the Salvation Army. Another improvement in the right direction

is the alteration of the former Yorkville barracks into a magnificent Rescue Home. Then, of course, there is the alteration and addition to our Headquarters building, the Temple, Toronto necessitated by the removal of our Printing House into the Temple. This is one of the best schemes which has been passed by the Board of Expenditure during the year.

With reference to our finances, there is also an improvement to be recorded. Our Self-Denial and Harvest Festival efforts show a gratifying increase on previous records. Thus our new Fire Insurance system has saved us not less than \$2,000 during the last two years, and will mean a still larger saving as we shall be enabled to apply it to a greater extent.

The Light Brigade has proved a valuable help to our Social Institutions, raising on an average nearly \$100 per quarter, and with more systematic efforts ought to improve during the coming year. We have now a new box for counters of stores and business houses which is very artistic, and which will prove an ornament to the finest establishment. We anticipate a large return from these special boxes to help to meet the ever increasing needs of our growing Social Work.

## Auxiliary League Links.



BRIGADIER COMPLIN.  
General Secretary.

In going through the books and letters of the Auxiliary Department at T. H. Q. one is continually reminded of the great energy displayed by the previous secretaries who now stand in the presence of his Lord, but whose last service in the Army of Salvation was the managing of Auxiliary affairs for one of the Canadian Divisions. H. Q. Brigadier Read's letters are full of the Christ spirit, and Auxiliaries will, with us, sorrow over the loss the work sustains in his passing away, yet we all have with unshakable submission to the blow which has been felt so widely amongst the Army and its friends.

Full particulars as to all that is involved in Auxiliary League membership will be forwarded to anyone who will apply to the Auxiliary Secretary at T. H. Q. Some choice spirits are amongst our Auxiliaries. One writing recently from B. C., who, apparently not in the best condition financially, writes the following:

Dear Commissioner: Please find enclosed P.O. order for two dollars and fifty cents, being second half of my Aux. fee for the year. Sometimes I find it difficult to raise the money, but I trust to be able to do so as long as I live, as I am a Salvationist, and have been for twenty-eight years, and my dear old mother, who has been dead these 25 years was a whole-souled warrior before me and had done to my knowledge some beautiful work by way of helping the helpless and rescuing the lost. I have many a friend over the Jordan, and the thought of one day crossing that river is a wonderful help to me here in this huddled life. Believe me to be although in a sense very helpless, yet in full sympathy with the Army and its grand results.

N. May.

We hope shortly to send our Auxiliaries a programme of Miss Booth's appointments for the next three months in order that whenever the Field Commissioner is out, they may be able to step into his shoes with advantage of the opportunity to see our leader personally who will always extend to us a pleasure and privilege to see and shake hands with these men and women, although amongst our red-garmented and dark-hooded legions, are yet in full and practical sympathy with our grand endeavor to bless and uplift fallen mankind.

Auxiliary Secretary.

Condescending to the lowly is far better than climbing to the high and lofty.

## The Bereavement in New York.



THE affliction that has just visited the home of my dear daughter, the Consul, has been a dread reality. The maiden seems to be a terrible one, thousands of the strongest and healthiest children in the city having died of it during the last month. Little Lincoln, the youngest boy, barely escaped with his life, and is at present only a wreck of his former self; but the doctors say he will rally. Everything was done to keep little Eva here, but she was wanted in the Country above. The Consul's strength is sorely reduced by the long-drawn anxiety and the lengthened waiting, but she leans up under the stroke like her old dear self. I have just received a pencil-note from her, and feel sure that thousands of her old comrades and friends will enjoy a glance at it. I give the following extract:

### Faith and Courage.

"I shall, I fancy, find best comfort in the dear work of advising to lives and comfort others, and so I am already hungry to be back at my post. The little treasure has left our midst, but only a little in advance of us.

"Her lovely spirit has been a very breath of heaven in our home. Her face has always been as with the light of another world; and though she was, as far as human eyes could see, perfect health, and has given every evidence of a most promising child, yet we feel now that she has just been God's swift messenger fulfilling her mission in freshly linking our hearts to all that is tenderest and most eternal, and then flying back to watch at the City's Gate till we, too, shall have finished our work and shall follow on.

"I had placed great hopes and expectations in her, and she seemed so exceptionally favored that my soul communed with her in a manner that I don't remember having been the case with any of the others at so early an age. She had large, blue eyes, with a wonderful expression in them, and all though her illness she would follow me in my movements about the room, and seemed to take in all I said and did. Her sufferings were agonizing to witness.

"But she is now where neither pain nor sadness can reach her, and Fritz and I will try to find refuge in the same hour that would hold her dear, and will by-and-by make room for us, every one, in a union unbroken for ever and for ever.

"Don't be too anxious for me. I shall not fail you nor my crucified Lord. Just now I doubtless feel the blow the more because of the prolonged nursing and anguish of nursing her, but I shall seek to learn the lesson that the sorrow is sent to teach, and thus no pang will be borne in vain."

## The Winter's Campaign.

My thoughts during the past few days have been, as might be expected, largely turned on the coming winter's campaign. I put a word in on its behalf at the Leeds Soldiers' Meeting last Saturday night, and it was well received. On looking at the Target a little more carefully, notwithstanding my compliments last week, I cannot help feeling that the increase asked for by the Commissioner is not big enough, especially when you come to that part of it in which I am most interested, namely, the making of soldiers. To tell the truth, I am ashamed of the number. It is true it is at the rate of an increase of about thirty thousand soldiers for the year, the world over; but oh my dear Lord, what is that number in comparison with the world's great need?

But I suppose that, after all, the Commissioner's desires and ambitions are larger than he named, but that he fixed his numbers within the limits he has determined to reach, secretly aiming at and hoping for results far in excess of those mentioned.

### How is it to be Done?

Yes, that is the question with which I am still occupied. I am not afraid but that the results proposed will be ardently desired, and very generally prayed for; but what I am concerned about is the fixing of the responsibility for the achievement of the object on the shoulders, or rather on the hearts, of those who desire and pray for it. How can this be done? Oh, ye Provincial Commissioners, and Divisional Commanders, and Corps Commanders, again I ask, How can this be done? Scatter your heads, or rather your brains; rub your



eyes, shake yourselves wide awake, confer with yourselves, for, after all, a man's own wide-awake soul is his safest counsellor. How is this Target going to be reached?

### Means.

The lesser end to be reached in order to attain the real object is, as I said last week, for every man, and woman, and child, amongst us to take up their own share and the wisest and most God-fearing officer in our ranks will be the man who can come the nearest to fixing that responsibility that none shall escape, especially if, after having laid the burden—that is, the Cross, as last week's War Cry sets it forth—on the right individual, he can prevail on him to carry it through to the winning-post.

### Divide up the Responsibility.

Yes, that is it. I understand that it is proposed to say to each Province, "That is your share, and to each Division, 'That is yours,' and I hope the Commissioner will arrange to go on to each corps saying, 'That is your share,' and I hope he will go on further still, and in some way or other, say to each officer and to each soldier, 'That is your share,' or, perhaps, what will be better still, do something to induce each soldier, himself or herself, to undertake to do something that shall be regarded and recorded then and there as his share. I am especially referring to Soldier-making now; but if that will not be faced by the individual soldier, let it be some other part of the scheme. Anyway, let the engagement be written down, and let the result, whether of failure or success, be written after that particular name at the close of the campaign.

### Unity and Fighting.

Every possible encouragement should be given to embark in this Soldier-making Campaign. Could not soldiers club together—say, in twos and threes and fours, or even larger numbers—to secure one or two or more soldiers amongst them by the date named, or before it, if possible? We have had little success for the promotion of personal goodness or the attainment of material good, why not for the saving of souls? They could fix on individuals, say brothers or others, and unitedly pray and believe for their salvation, selecting the one most likely to succeed amongst them to make the attack.

### The General's Target.

Officers should each have their target. They have great opportunities, and therefore ought to come to the front and boldly offer themselves to God for the saving of souls. They could be converts but of converts who shall be made into good and lasting soldiers. It is true they will be counted as the gain of the corps, but they can be counted half-ways without being counted twice over in the general result. Now, in writing this to others I am appealing to myself. What is to be my target? Well, I ought to make a good one, seeing how great is my opportunity, and that the labors of my staff will be so mixed up with mine that they cannot be separated. O Lord, increase my faith! However, in response to the Commissioner's appeal I am full of hope and confidence that God will allow me to add five hundred permanent soldiers to our present Army Roll.

nger of accidents, as we have no over- and counter-shafts."

"How is trade, in general?" "There is a slight improvement on the whole. We are not doing any retail business at all now at Headquarters, as Trade Depots have been established in connection with each Provincial Headquarters. Uniform sales best of any Trade Goods. Literature is not so much in demand, and we hope that the P. O.'s find time to bring our excellent books to the attention of our people and it of the outside public. In addition to this, of course, we sell the renowned Bible Tea."

How are the War Cry payments at present?"

"I am very happy to say that they are satisfactory since the enlargement of the War Cry has taken place, and if Provincial Officers will keep it up, we will save considerable postage and correspondence, as well as have the prospect of a prolonged life."

"Tell me something about the new coupon, which has been introduced with the enlarged War Cry?"

"The coupon is an additional benefit to



HERMANN AND VICTOR.

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ere's always bound to be kickers," claimed Meanderling Mike. "Did you know a time when de people unanimously dat dey had de right in de right place?" "Only once," said Flooding Pete. "I was hein' into jail on de occasion."

## COMING EVENTS.

### The Territorial Secretary.

### Col. Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

### ORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

ARTHUR, Thursday, Nov. 3.

PORTAGE, Friday, Nov. 4.

WILKES, Saturday to Wednesday,

v. 5 to 9.

### C. B. M. Appointments.

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IGN COLLIER.—Dresden, Nov. 1; Coburn, Nov. 2; Port Lambton, Nov. 3; Petrolia, Nov. 5, 6; v. 7; Wyoming, Nov. 7; Nov. 9.

IGN ANDREWS.—St. Catharines, Nov. 20; Hamilton I, Nov. 1, 2; Hamilton, Nov. 3, 4; Dundas, Nov. 5, 6; Nov. 7; Oakville, Nov. 8.

IGN CUMMINGS.—Hannah, Oct. 24; Morden, Oct. 28 to 30; Winnipeg,





## DISTRICT.

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## Largeness of the Heart.

There is a physical enlargement of the heart that carries many human bodies to the grave. There is a spiritual enlargement of the heart which so far from being perilous is the healthiest thing in all spiritual creation. There is a fatty degeneration which is greatly to be deprecated and is also widely prevalent amongst some of our people. Jesus, in speaking of these people, said: "This people's heart is waxed gross." It is a spiritual form of gout which is apt to attack high clerics, and some lines touches even the officers who have been most successful in field work. Like Jeeshurim, having waxed waxy they have kicked, in some cases, to use a venacular phrase, "clean over the traces."

## No Love for Knee-Drills.

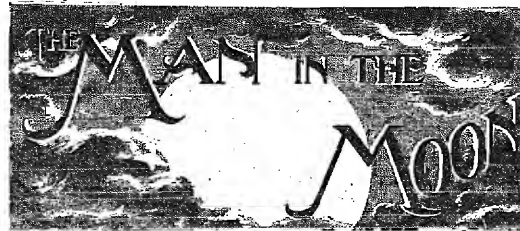
Too much fatty degeneration to come out so early. "Work hard all the week," they say. So this matter is far as for us (their consistency is a matter of course) I also notice these very same people will occupy much of the time on a Sunday afternoon and night meetings. If they get the chance, and shut off completely the knee-drill and marching soldiers, who has the better right to sing or testify. They very seldom come to the march. It hurts their poor heart to exert the body only for themselves. I have noticed also that just in proportion to their increase in prosperity has been their decrease in piety and interest in soul saving. These people have no need of holiness meetings, or the soldiers' rule, they never come to such. Since efforts have no result with them, as they are not anxious to see the work advance, yet ten chances to one they will tell you how little the poor hard-working, knee-suffering field officer does, and how much there is a need of a change in this quarter. There has been said of these fatty degenerates, "I feel as an empty wine, he brings forth fruit to himself according to the multitude of fruit he hath increased." Degeneration, you say? Well, yes, a very sad figure, sooner or later it is sure to be followed up by stern retribution. Only last week I visited one of the corps of this district, and at my billet a sad and broken-hearted mother told me of her daughter who was for years an Army officer. The poor girl, in an hour of loneliness and temptation left her God-given post to gain an husband and home, but what is the result? A most unhappy union, deserted and left to die of consumption in an upper room without friend or loved comrade to help or cheer her in her distress. I have written the officers in charge of that city to visit and help her as far as possible. This is only one case of many all over the land. God help us to be faithful unto death. It means much, but His grace is sufficient. We are sure to be faithful if our hearts are kept healthy.

King Solomon's largeness of wealth was only equalled by his largeness of heart. We know that wealth without aims he devoted to the building of the Temple, a house which for earthly splendor the world has never seen surpassed. Largeness of the heart will always help us in immediate undertakings for our Master. How dwelleth the love of Christ in any heart who has means at their disposal, and yet refuse a cry of help or need?

Largeness of the Head  
is the distinguished characteristic of the times in which we live, and unless something can be done to cure propensities development of the heart, the world will soon be overstocked with hideous monstrosities.

Our whole spiritual life and work originates in the heart. If it is right as Christ would have or make it, then that man or woman is not going astray. Not that the danger or temptation is removed from us, for we are still in the world, yet we have no desire for this world, its pleasures, or sins. Glory be to God! Our whole heart is His to save a poor lost world—Yours in the battle for God and souls, W. Archibald.

**THE LEAGUE OF MERCY NEEDS YOUR HELP.**  
The League of Mercy visitors can make use of any competent members of the War Cry, or any other Army publications in their power.  
Will comrades of friends send parcels of literature when read to the following officers and Mercy League Bearer-Majors:  
TORONTO Ont.—Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, S. A. Temple  
LONDON Ont.—Mrs. Major Southall, Clarence St.  
HAMILTON Ont.—Mrs. Captain Doherty, Rebecca St.  
MONTREAL Que.—Mrs. Symington, 240 University St.  
QUEBEC Ont.—Mrs. Dawson, 111 St. John St.  
ST. JOHN'S Nfld.—Ensign Levey, 20 Cook St.  
WINDSOR Man.—Habitant Levey, 20 Cook St.  
HALIFAX N. S.—Ensign Beckstead, 40 Hollis St.  
ST. JOHN, N. B.—Adjutant Doherty, 65 Elliot Row.  
FREDERICTON, N. B.—Captain Blithen, 1 Ave.  
SPokane, Wash.—Adjutant Lantry, 732 Fourth  
HARBOUR DRAGON, Nfld. Mrs. M. J. M. M.  
OCEANA Ont. Mrs. Webster, Salvation Army.  
or send addresses of those having permission to dis-  
pose of to Mrs. Brigadier Gaskin, League of Mercy  
Secretary, Toronto Temple.  
Any one desiring friends in hospital visited, or any  
any whom they are interested in in prison write to  
Mrs. Read, Albert St. Toronto, sending stamp for  
reply.

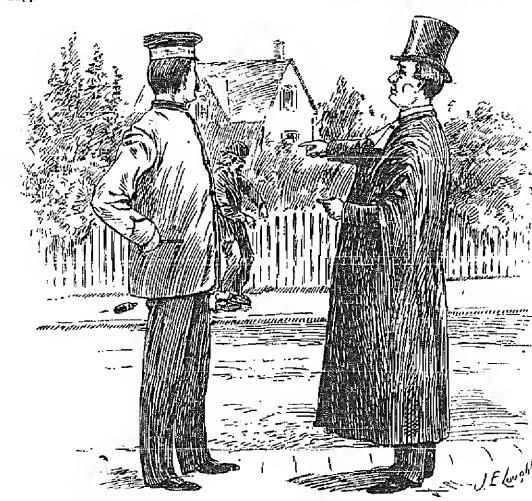


I.  
Ten Dollars to Save Him.

"So if you chance to meet  
A poor drunkard in the street,  
Then pity him, but don't condemn, I pray,  
For 'tis drink that brought him low,  
And his cup is filled with woe;  
He may become a sober man some day."



ELLO, Salvation Army!"  
The newly-arrived Cap-  
tain turned towards the  
clerkly-dressed speak-  
er who proved to be a  
priest.  
"Do you see that thing  
over there, that drunken  
object having the form of a man, but  
lacking the spirit thereof?"  
"Poor fellow!" was the only reply of  
the Salvationist, as he watched the  
drunken man staggering along the op-  
posite sidewalk.  
"Well, it is too bad," continued the  
priest, "since he was as fine a fellow  
as you could meet in D— He married  
well and has some beautiful children.  
But—here he is in a disgrace to my parish.  
I believe the Salvation Army is just the  
thing for this class. If you can save  
him, I'll give you ten dollars."



"IF YOU CAN SAVE HIM I'LL GIVE YOU TEN DOLLARS."

"You'll find me as good as my word,"  
and with a jovial hand-shake the priest  
went on his way, while the Captain fol-  
lowed—like a proper soul-hunter—fol-  
lowed the fresh scent of his game.  
The forerunner of the "thing" referred  
to by the priest, was certainly slow and  
erratic, his top-heavy uniform now mak-  
ing a lurch from the extreme outside  
edge of the sidewalk towards the im-  
moveable side of a house—now embracing  
with desperation a telegraph pole to re-  
tain his equilibrium gravely.  
After narrowly escaping several serious  
collisions with passers-by, who fortunatel-  
ly, by some undignified jumps and quick  
steps, dodged the reeling individual, the  
latter finally made a grasp for a bright-  
ly-painted barber's pole, which, being in-  
sufficiently fastened, pulled out of its  
socket and in the next moment the red,  
white, and blue pole, some rags, and a  
drunken heap of humanity were badly  
mired up in the deep mud of the gutter.  
Of course the usual crowd gathered  
and enjoyed immensely the sight;  
cheap jokes were cracked at the expen-

se of the drunken wretch. There was, how-  
ever, at least one in the crowd, who saw  
the pathetic side of it—the weeping,  
heart-broken, wife and starved, pale-  
faced, ragged children at home and the  
maddened divine image, curled indeed, but  
still existing in the drunkard in the  
gutter—it was the Army Captain. Like  
the good Samaritan he pre-empted his way  
through the crowd and not taking notice  
of the jeers, raised the poor fellow in  
his arms and with some difficulty led him  
to the barracks, which, fortunately, was  
only round the corner of the street. A  
few yelling street boys followed, while  
the more "respectable" adults watched  
the progress of the pair from a distance.  
It was about four o'clock in the after-  
noon, when this scene transpired. The  
drunken man was quite incapable of  
being talked to, so the Captain laid him  
on the floor, with a bundle of War Cry  
under his head, and soon his snoring an-  
nounced his profound slumber.

II.  
Christening the Man.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,  
By any other name, would smell as sweet."

There was a small Canadian town and  
was only in its infancy when Rudolph  
arrived there from his native country.  
He was a rather handsome fellow of  
eighteen and was naturally of pleasing  
manners. There was that something in  
his appearance which invites confidence  
and is a strong recommendation for a

bed-room happened to be the one, the  
windows of which were over the won-  
derful sign. The tired man was several  
times on the verge of sleep when a  
lifelike gust of wind would swing the  
sign with vigor, and the squeaky noise  
of its rusty hinges would wake him up.  
Finally his nerves had reached that point  
of tension which is called unbearable,  
so he jumped out of bed and with an  
oath, which Rudolph said was blue enough  
to color the window curtain, burst-  
dressed only in the unconventional gar-  
ment of night—into the bar-room de-  
manding that the sign be taken down  
at once, or something done to stop the  
fearful screaming sound thereof. Rudolph  
was dispatched with step-ladder and oil  
can to remedy the evil. While he was  
oil the rusty hinges of the Moon, a  
gay party of young men and women  
returning from a wedding, passed by,  
and naturally made merry over the  
humorous thought suggested by Rudolph,  
the ladder and the Moon.

The light of the Hotel lamp was  
shining on the handsome face of Rudolph,  
when a young woman, noticing him,  
asked in a whisper to her girl compan-  
ions, "Who is this young man?"  
"Why, he is Mr. ——— with an  
outlandish name which I cannot pro-  
nounce, but I think we ought to call  
him the Man in the Moon," was the  
witty reply.

The joke spread at once through the  
litter party and next day went all through  
the town. When Rudolph went to Mass  
the next Sunday morning, the church-  
goers whispered to each other, "There  
goes the Man in the Moon," and the  
nickname stuck to him ever after.

III.  
Sweet Foam and Bitter Dregs.

Our acts make or mar us:  
We are the children of our own deeds.  
John Ruskin.

There were great preparations made in  
D— five years after the above incident.  
What was it all for?

"The Man in the Moon is going to get  
married," was the answer given to an  
enquiring stranger. The very girl who  
gave Rudolph his nickname was the bride,  
and there was much envy as well as re-  
joicing. Rudolph had saved quite a nest  
little sum, and his father-in-law had  
furnished the balance needed to buy  
"The Moon" for the owner had recently  
died, and his widow preferred to sell  
out.

D— was still a small place, and a  
marriage in one of the leading fami-  
lies was a general public event, to be cel-  
ebrated with all the formalities of the  
conservative community.

Rudolph had won the respect of all the  
people; he had kept sober and chris-  
tian in spite of the fact that he was employed  
in the hotel.

It is true the bride couple was rather  
young, he was twenty-three, she only  
nineteen, yet the father-in-law heaved  
in early marriages, and, a parent, it  
was a good match, as far as respect and  
tastes were concerned.

The first few months of married life  
passed quickly and happily. In winter a  
third hotel started up, with an elegant  
arrangement and a magnificent bar-  
room. The new competitor used con-  
siderable loss to "The Moon," and Rudolph  
was worried to know how to make ends  
meet, and how to support his wife com-  
fortably, for she was rather expensive  
tasteful.

When he finally suggested some restric-  
tions in the household expenses, Rudolph,  
his wife, objected, and the first quarrel  
took place. From that day disagreement  
became frequent, until Rudolph preferred  
to spend most of his evenings in the bar-  
room. In a desperate endeavor to keep  
his old customer, he treated often, and,  
of course, drank much himself. Impre-  
sionably the subtle appetite for strong  
drink grew on him, and in equal pro-  
portion his attention to business de-  
creased, until his father-in-law had to  
help him repeatedly to prevent bank-  
ruptcy.

The last-mentioned relative speculated  
much in stocks. One day a very fas-  
cinating scheme enticed him to put most  
of his capital into it. The company was  
flourishing and in a few weeks after the  
promoter of it floated himself on the  
Atlantic steamer, with all the company's  
cash in his pocket.

So Rudolph's father was reduced to  
poverty, and feeling his loss so keenly  
went and hanged himself. Three months  
after "The Moon" was sold by auction  
through the fore-closure of a mortgage.

(To be continued.)

## Forgetfulness as a Virtue.

It is useless to pray for a forgiving  
spirit while entertaining a memory for  
injuries. God never quenches a fire for  
a man who persists in feeding it with  
oil. He that really desires to keep mil-  
lions of his heart will try to keep in-  
flaming thoughts out of his head.





"All our success is largely due to our extreme measures, and far from lessening these so-called objectional features, we would rather desire to strengthen the same. There is nothing like the real old Salvation Army style, and if anything is needed, it is a more desperate and more outspoken warfare against sin."

"To what cause do you contribute the success of last year's record?"

"I have devoted a great deal of my time to the training up of our officers and soldiers, and there has been a very notable increase of fervency and holy ambition in our ranks. I can say, without hesitation, that my people have recently shown a greater zeal to fulfill the purpose of their calling than hitherto known. These self-sacrificing efforts have brought their own crowning in grand results."

"There is still no impression abroad among a certain class of the public that

cure. We believe in winning the children for God and Right before the devil has a chance to spoil them. Of course, if we only secure for our ranks the children of our officers and soldiers, it must be counted a very great accomplishment, as the training of such children in the homes of active soldiers and officers ought to produce most efficient officers for the Field; and then it is only right that such children should fill the places of their parents."

"I understand that you have introduced recently a new rank in the Army, known as Corps Cadet. What are the special purposes of this rank?"

"Corps Cadet have been known on the British Field for several years, and there they have developed to a much higher point of efficiency than in this Territory, where the rank is only just in the state of formation. We are considering now a

and printed for study, and individual reports are sent to my Training Secretary at Headquarters. This will not only prepare candidates, but also give us a better opportunity to judge whether the applicant is likely to succeed as an officer, before he enters the Training Garrison."

"Which sex do you find most successful as officers?"

"Girls, of course. I find they are much superior to men and more easily trained into efficient service."

"Of course, you make exceptions. You don't mean to say that all men are inferior to women?"

"There are very few exceptions, present company not excepted."

"Are the Rules and Regulations of the Army still carried out?"

"Decidedly. Every officer is expected to have a printed copy of our Rules and Regulations, and to continue studying the same. There is, however, room for improvement, and for this purpose our annual Officers' Councils are held."

"Then you consider your Anniversary Meetings of greater importance to your officers than to the public?"

"Certainly they are. Nevertheless, I do not underrate the importance of our public gatherings in connection with our Anniversary Meetings."

"Have there any special changes in your territory taken place during the recent year?"

"The most important to be noted during the year is the return of Colonel Jacobs to the active duties of Chief Secretary, after a prolonged absence on account of a serious break-down in health. This is very gratifying to me particularly, and to the entire Field in general. The Colonel's health is not quite what we would like it to be, but it is improving gradually. As a natural consequence, Lieut.-Colonel Margella, who has recently received his well-earned promotion, has now been able to assume the responsibilities of his office as Territorial Secretary, and has already visited two provinces on a tour of inspection. There has also been a general change of provincial officers, who are, on the whole, a brave and devoted staff."

"I have been informed that you have made some changes in the War Cry?"

"Yes, I consider it a great victory to be able to record the enlargement of the War Cry from 12 to 16 pages. It is at once an immense advantage and an improvement, as it will afford us considerably more space for the giving of the news from all over the territory."

"With regards to the Social Work of the Army, what information can you give me?"

"The statistics of the Women's Rescue Work are particularly gratifying, as they show fully 85 per cent. of the unfortunate girls who have passed through our Homes as satisfactorily discharged. Our women Officers in this branch are among the most godly, lovely, and devoted women in the world, skilled and untiring in their work. It is significant to note that the demand for servants from our Homes is greater than we can supply. Then our Children's Shelter is not to be overlooked; you ought to go and see it. Reporter. Little ones in the most destitute condition are received there, and it consequently stands much in need of financial help."

"The Men's Social Work is not behind the other branches, but steadily developing. We have very large shelters in all the important cities of the territory, with one or two exceptions. The most recent opening is our Vincoover Shelter, which I have personally inspected, and consider it to be one of the finest institutions of its kind."

"I see on the shield of the front page for the Anniversary Cry, the word 'Courage' prominently written. What is the purpose of it?"

"Courage is our motto for the coming year. I am giving the same in our Officers' Councils for a pass-word that will help to open barred doors, dispel darkness of discouragement and divide the waters of the red sea which we will have to cross in our march of progress during the ensuing year. I have found a motto of this description of useful help in untiring and focusing the efforts and attention of our officers."

"Are you improving in the training of your officers?"

"Most decidedly. In fact, we have now instituted a method of training of the candidates for officership, before such are accepted for the Training Home. A special series of Bible lessons have been prepared



COLONEL JACOBS,  
Chief Secretary.

"What plans of advance for the coming year have you formulated?"

"I am now preparing a plan of campaign to be laid before the Officers' Council, and it is just a trifle premature to give you the particulars. I shall be glad to furnish details at a future date."

Saying this, Miss Booth had advanced to the door of her office and, opening the same, bowed your humbleness out into the passage.



The General sent a telegram to the Crown Prince of Denmark, expressing his sympathy in the death of the Danish Queen, and received the following reply by wire:

"Sincerest thanks for your sympathy. God bless your great work."  
"Crown Prince of Denmark."

The General is doing some wonderful work. His campaign at Leeds resulted in 200 souls.

The financial year at International Headquarters just closed is spoken of by Commissioner Pollard as "the best yet."

Mrs. Bramwell Booth opens this month the new Rescue Home at Manchester.

By kindness of the Colonial Bank, the money culled to the relief of tornado sufferers in Barbadoes, was sent free of the bank's commission and cable charges.

The winter campaign is now launched. Amongst its aims are the taking of 30,000 children, an increase of 6,000 senior soldiers, an increase of 2,000 junior soldiers, a 10,000 increase in the War Cry circulation, etc., etc.

The new song book is now in preparation. It will contain about one thousand songs and two hundred picked choruses. The selection was made from a collection of eleven thousand songs.



Commissioner McKie has personally instructed the newly appointed officers for the new Garrison system.

A new hall has been opened at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

It took five months before the authorities in Breslau sanctioned the renting of the hall for our "big meetings," no less than nine officials went to view the building before the authorities would agree.

The dates of the German Harvest Festival, now introduced as a territorial scheme, are Oct. 15, 16 and 17.

The German Cry is printing a translation of "Old Tim," which the Field Commissioner wrote for our last Christmas Cry.



The Shelter at Paris is doing good work. The number of people asking admission increases every night.

Brigadier Perron himself contemplates the opening of new corps in his division.

A special brigade of juniors has visited the different corps of French Switzerland meeting everywhere with sympathy and well-seeing success.

"Commissioner Batten is pursuing his campaign of salvation in all the French Corps. It is an encouragement for our officers to see, arriving to help them in the hardest corps, this apostle of God, whom nothing disheartens, and whose radiant faith does each one good. His passage leaves everywhere, and in every heart a blessing."



During the month of August 62 persons have been saved from the foot of the Cross through the blessed influence of the Army. A great many of those have decided to become true and faithful followers of Jesus.

The Harvest Festival was observed in Italy during the first week in October.

Soldiers have been enlisted under the banner of Christ and the flag of the Army in several corps during the last four of Brigadier Batten through the country.

Officers selling the Glóu di Guerra (War Cry) in the country villages are an object of intense curiosity.



To Parents, Relations and Friends: We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; tell us, as far as possible, assist in our search, and if you are in difficulty, address Commissioner Evanline Booth, 10 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

#### Second Insertion.

3201. MRS. LIVER WORKMAN. The address of the above is wanted by C. P. Fiegar, of 925 Bridge St., Spokane, Wash. Any person knowing of her whereabouts please communicate at once with us.

3202. MRS. JENNIE JOHNSON, nee Arthur. Left Erie, Pennsylvania, March 25th, '98. Description: dark brown hair, height 5 ft. 8 in., eyes grey. Communicate with us.

3204. WILLIAM DEALEY. Last heard of in Ontario some years ago. Dealey came to Canada about the year 1885, with a child five years of age, to be with an aunt named Mrs. Dodd. His father was for many years a police constable in Kensington, Eng. An aged sister is anxious for news of her brother. Communicate with us.

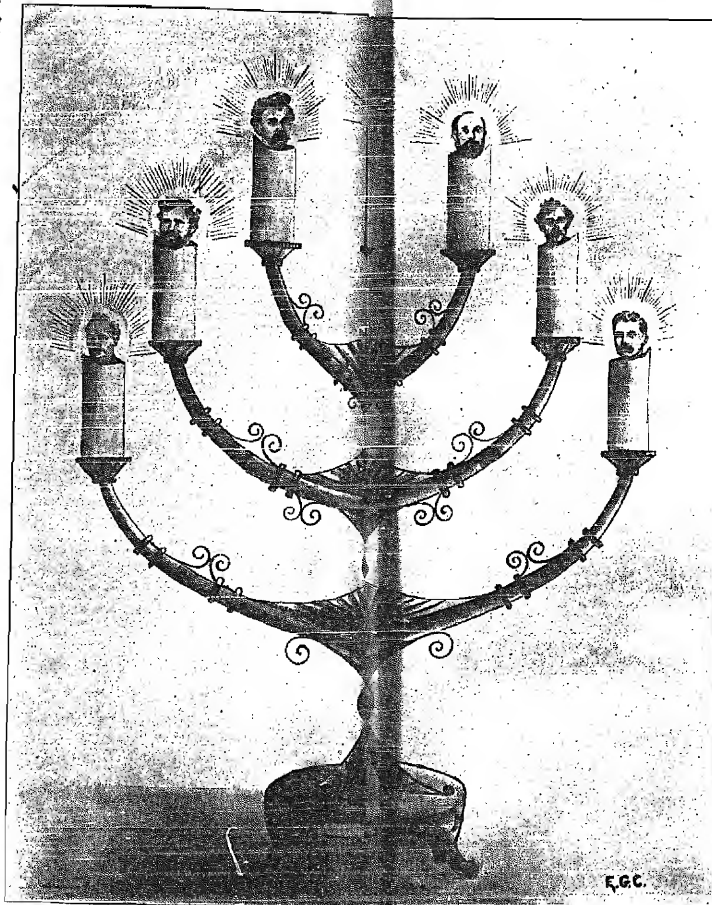
3205. OSBOURNE, MRS. H. Left England for Canada a few years ago. When last heard of they had two children. Their last address was 14 Berryman St., Toronto. Kindly communicate with us.

3206. SHORTHILL, RICHARD HENRY. Age 24, occupation laborer, 5 ft. 2 in. high. Missing 2 1/2 years. Last address, Ellensburg, Wash. Was born in New Brunswick.

Our Intercessor on high has an ever-availing plea. His own blood.

That man may last, but never lives, Who much receives, but nothing gives, Whom none can love, whom none can thank.

Creation's blot, creation's blank.  
—F. Gibbons.



The Territorial Candelstick and the Provincial Lights.

the Salvation Army efforts are largely based on excitement?"

"There is a legitimate use of excitement. The better the thing, the greater the excitement. Every great reform movement recorded in history shows that a great excitement was indispensable to its success. Only fools do not strike the red-hot iron as an invitation to strike. Then the Siege has greatly helped to make the last year's success what it is."

"What do you consider the most prosperous branch at this time?"

#### Junior Work.

"The Junior Work, without doubt. At present we are putting all iron in the fire for the salvation of the children, on the principle that prevention is better than

more effective system of regulation governing the Corps Cadet. At present there is in use a set of lessons, to be learned at home, and periodical reports to Headquarters are made."

"At what age do you accept Corps Cadets?"

"Not under the age of 12 years are any application considered, and then the consent of the parents, for them to become officers, is necessary."

#### Training System.

"Are you improving in the training of your officers?"

"Most decidedly. In fact, we have now instituted a method of training of the candidates for officership, before such are accepted for the Training Home. A special series of Bible lessons have been prepared



By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

I cannot commence my first notes since the promotion to heaven of my faithful and beloved husband, without expressing my deepest and most heartfelt thanks for the many letters, telegrams and messages that have continued to pour in from all parts of the Territory, and many other countries. No words of mine can tell of the tender solicitude of our leaders at I. H. Q. The General, Chief-of-Staff, Commissioner Howard, Commissioners Cornish, Nicol and Rees, and our own dear Commissioner through these dark days of my great sorrow. My heart is grateful to them and to all who have so fervently upheld my little girl and myself to the Throne of Grace.

We have suffered a loss in our League of Mercy ranks. Mrs. Downy, one of the League workers in Kingston, has gone home. Mrs. Downy, Countryman says, "We have lost one of our number, Sister Mrs. Downy, nee Capt. Bureu. She was promoted to Capt. Saturday, 24th, and was laid to rest the 26th. The members of the League were all bearers. We sent a wreath with 'League of Mercy' on it. She was a faithful worker as long as her strength would allow. It can be said of her, 'She hath done what she could.' Bro. Downy, I heartily broken. Her bereaved husband wrote me personally as follows: 'God has seen fit to take from me that which I hold dearer than anything else on earth. I miss her, God alone knows! While I cannot desire to question the acts of the Almighty, it does seem to me at the present time that He had laid His hand on me very hard. My heart is so much dead within me, but I must say that Heaven is a lot more near to me now than ever it was, and much more real. I know of no other that can enter into my feelings better than yours, since it has pleased God to take from you your dearest friend and husband. I am sure God must have had need of him or He would not have called him away. My darling wife died without a pain. She simply fell asleep in Jesus, as her father and I held her hands with breathing hours. She said with fifteen minutes of her last breath, 'Don't hold me! I must go now. I see the river, and I am over on the other side waiting to take my over.' Our brother will have the sympathy of his comrades everywhere.

Ensign Beckstead, who is in charge of our League of Mercy work in Halifax, N. S., writes: "Dear Mrs. Read—Blessed you will find a letter from the League. I am pleased to tell you that our League is taking an interest in their work and I believe much good will be accomplished through the efforts put forth. I have taken three new members into the League and we require three more. Mrs. P. L. 12 St. Lawrence St., and Mrs. Vent, West St. They are both No. 2 soldiers, and very careful workers. Also Mrs. Feld, who works in the hospital. I am thinking of getting two more from Dartmouth. I had a tea and meeting in I night. They seemed to enjoy it, and I am sure the presence of God was realized by each one. I read your letter to them. They were deeply touched, and in my tears were glad.

"One of our members, Mrs. Lee, has also been called to pass through the same bitter experience as yourself, when on Tuesday last, Oct. 4th, her husband was laid in his last resting place. He, Mr. Lee, was one of the best soldiers in Halifax during 12 years' service. I, faithful and true unto the end.

"You can rely upon us doing all we possibly can in this great and noble work. While leading a meeting in the fall of last Sunday p.m., there was a very fine colored man who seemed interested, and I believe was taken hold of by the Spirit. While I was talking with him, his eyes filled with tears, but felt he was too bad. To day in his 45th year his man was taken to Dalhousie P. H. Unitary. He has a lot of 28 years to serve. Oh, I pray that God will lead him with many others to repentance.

The Death Harvest has been busy gathering in the ripe wheat of the Territory in the Homeland. Our sympathies are with those I feel bound.

Not always were they so fortunate to find shelter. Sometimes they had to sleep in the open air, in the forest or in little ways off the highway. Then the poor woman, to whom the battle of

There have been several changes among the officers. Ensign Orchard, after faithful and devoted service in Rescue work in Ottawa, London, Helena and Toronto, goes to open a new Rescue Home from the Consul in Minneapolis.

Capt. Wood, just promoted, has gone to Halifax, to assist Ensign Beckstead. We met for a little parting word and cup of tea with these two dear comrades at the Rescue Home, and bid them a hearty God-speed in the King's service.

Capt. Wood has come from I. H. Q. to take charge pro tem of the Home in Rescue Home. In the absence of Adj. Jordan, who supplies at the Toronto Home during Major Stewart's absence in Montreal.

Here is a note of encouragement for our prison visitors everywhere. Rev. C. B. Cartwright, Chaplain of the Kingston Penitentiary says, in a letter recently received from him, "In a letter received a few days ago from an ex-convict, another man who had been here at least three times, was written as follows: 'I have been in and out of the penitentiary, and being a genuinely changed man. I have had good accounts of eight altogether in the last month as doing well.'

## FORSAKEN.

(From the German-Swiss War Cry.)

"He suffered no man to do them wrong."—Psalm cv. 14.

THEY had no plan to do them wrong, the weary wanderers on the highway. It was evening, and the great metropolis was ready lay a goodly distance behind them.

Paris, the beautiful, the glorious; why leave such a Paradise? Why, then, weary wife, art thou wandering with daughter and son of twelve years upon the dusty highway toward Switzerland? Had the great metropolis no happiness, nor food, nor shelter for you?

I fancy I see the smile of despair flit over thy countenance, pale woman. I can feel thy hand grasp tighter the hands of your children, and see how thou art making another effort to drag the tired body farther, far from Paris to Strasbourg, is a long journey to tramp.

But where is the father of this little company of weary pilgrims? The father—he has abandoned them; only a few weeks ago he had sent for wife and children to come from Strasbourg to Paris where he had found employment as a glass blower.

Oh! with what joyful hopes had looked forward to meet their father. They had made many pleasant plans, and had built many a castle in the air. Alas! their plans now had vanished, their castles had disappeared, and nothing was left, but anguish and heartache, hunger and misery. He had sent them off? Wretched man, why didst thou do it? That thy poor wife should see how unfaithful thou hadst been to her, and that thou art treading the way of sin with another, who is not thy wife.

This is the sad history of the foot-worn group on the highway; they had made up their mind to walk to Strasbourg, weakened and weary of life.

### Footsore.

"Mother, I am hungry, and my feet are so sore; mother, I can't go any further," cried the boy. "Cheer up, my little man, we shall soon come to a village. Perhaps somebody will be charitable enough to let us rest in their barn on a bundle of straw."

Perhaps a bundle of straw, perhaps not—just that forsaken—O drink of cold water to still the thirst—will the well of the village be so charitable?

The boy cried quietly and silently as they march on in life's path of suffering. None spoke, for they were too tired and too wretched even to speak. In this way they tramped day after day, and lived on—night after night. It is a wonder they lived on in spite of want, privation and heartache.

They arranged to arrive in the evening at the village where the peasants generally were warm-hearted enough to give them shelter in their barn, and occasionally, something to eat. One former was very kind and sheltered the little company for four days in his house. It was there where the unfortunate woman gave birth to her third child. On the fourth day, however, they had to leave, for the son of the farmer would suffer them no longer to stay. He would have "no such vagabonds in his house."

Not always were they so fortunate to find shelter. Sometimes they had to sleep in the open air, in the forest or in little ways off the highway. Then the poor woman, to whom the battle of

life and a kind Father, who lives above the stars, had given a supernatural strength of endurance, would press her wretched infant closer to her breast, and son and daughter would cling tighter to her side; so huddled together they would spend the night.

### Gruesome Company.

Once when they had slept in such manner in the forest, when they were awakened early by the voices of some men. They were considerably frightened when they saw some blackened men standing before them saying, "Who are you? You have slept in sorry company; just look behind thee." When the woman turned in the direction indicated, she saw only a few steps from the old baby carriage, which some kind farmer had given her, a man's body hanging from the branches of a tree. He was a well-dressed gentleman; in his pocket were found 30 francs and a watch, but he was quite dead.

They continued their weary journey until one evening they arrived in Basel, where they should stop over night? Money they had none—and as their clothing was now in a very pitiable condition, they thought it was best to come under the eyes of the police. So they wandered through the back streets of the city, undecided what to do. They were tired to death and hardly able to drag themselves any further, when a gentleman who noticed the human heap of wretchedness on the street, stopped to speak to them.

The poor woman equaled of him the nearest way to the frontier. With curiosity and pity the man looked upon the ragged woman and the boy—who fell to weeping while he stood there. "The frontier, woman, it too far for you. You cannot go any further to-day. You had better come with me—and the charitable man offered to take an inn, gave them something to eat and was about to pay for a night's lodging.

### Off to the Army.

"Your passport, woman," asked the innkeeper. She hesitated. "Then you cannot stop here," he replied, unmoved. Some laborers, who sat at a side table overheard the conversation, and reaching for their hats, said, "Come with us, we will show thee where thou canst stop over night." So the little caravan was set once more in motion.

It was a curious march, winding through the streets. The two laborers were leading, next followed the woman with the old baby carriage, which threatened to fall to pieces at any moment, then came the daughter with the little boy, who continually cried and said he could not walk any further. About a score of people, some of sympathy and some out of curiosity, followed this unique procession. Finally they reached a big house, which was the Salvation Army.



Although it was midnight the men rung the bell, for the knew the Helia Army, and that the officers were ready to help at any time. Soon the Captain appeared and received the peculiar guests. She at once gave the weary wanderers her room with two beds, which was an unusual luxury to them, for the wanderers had not slept in beds for a long time. Where the Captain slept that night, I don't know, but one of the two men who had brought the poor people to the quarters, was overheard to say as he descended the stairs, "One is always sure he is coming to the right place, when coming to the Salvation Army."

The next morning there was great excitement in the house, the officers and everybody were trying to look after the needs of the guests which the Saviour had sent over night. Some brought a little shirt for the baby, another a pair of stockings, others again different pieces of clothing, and so on. A good meal was prepared for them.

### Inasmuch.

The poor wanderers hardly knew what had happened; so much love they never had experienced in all their lives. When I saw them they looked almost bewildered, at any rate there was a reflection of happiness on their faces. The woman could hardly speak, being brimful of grateful emotions. She only cried—but for joy—when she saw the many things which had been brought for her and children. There was some milk that day for the pinched baby, with the wrinkled face of an old man. When I looked at his thin, transparent little hands, I almost thought I saw an angel coming to take the starved baby out of the mother's arms and carry it to the bosom of the Saviour, to the land where there are only happy angels and no unhappy children.

But not only clothing had our officers collected for our poor pilgrims, but some money as well, to obtain railway tickets for them from Basel to Strasbourg, their destiny. Before the little procession, accompanied by the Captain, started to go to the railway station, the boy asked me to give him an "amulet." The poor Salvation lassie was in a great dilemma, but the boy's request was so urgent, and appeared so sincere, she seemed to put all his thankfulness and love in this one request—that she thought of some way to grant him his wish.

Suddenly she struck it; she took a Salvation Army brass S and gave it to him. He gleefully fastened it to a little yellow string around his neck, wadding from the smiling face of the boy, this gift seemed to him evidently the most valuable of any.

Soon they sat snugly in the railway carriage, the engine whistled, a last handshake, some more profuse thanks, "Good-bye," and they had vanished from our sight—gone possibly for ever until we should meet them again on that great day, when they shall stand with the Army lassies before the Great White Throne, and then Jesus will point to those once weary wanderers, and His lips shall say, "These have ye done unto Me."

HANNAH IMHOFF.

## HELP

To Those who are in Legal Difficulties.

By THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

In England and some other Territories, the Salvation Army has had in operation a department termed the "Poor Man's Lawyer," this being, in fact, one of the laws in the chain of Social Redemption described by the General in his now famous book "In Darkest England and the Way Out."

Frequently we meet cases, occasionally among our own poor hard-working soldiery, who have sustained considerable losses for the want of legal advice. The struggling small business was lost, the mortgage on the little house was foreclosed, the wronged woman a widow, no redress, because there was no one to give advice, and they were not sufficiently acquainted with the law, or they knew not how to tide over the disaster until a more propitious time.

I have now made all arrangements to give to all those who desire it the benefit of the service of an experienced and competent officer, who will do for the Kingdom's sake to help those in difficulties, as far as that is within our possibility to do.

If you have an occasion to avail yourself of this officer, address your letter to Major Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, and mark your envelope "Confidential." All matters will be dealt with strictly privately.

## IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, OR

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR

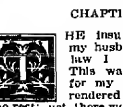
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

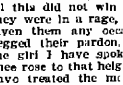
Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Smeeton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



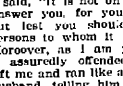
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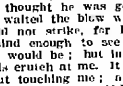
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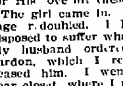
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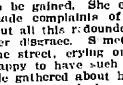
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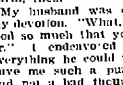
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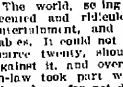
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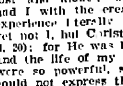
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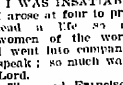
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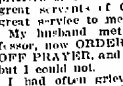
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HE HAD HIS



HE HAD HIS



## AN IRON PILLAR

## Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE insulting treatment of my husband and mother-in-law I now bore silently. This was not so difficult, for my spiritual occupation rendered me insensible to all the rest; yet there were times when I was left to myself. And then I could not refrain from tears. I did the lowest offices for them, to humble myself. Yet all this did not win their favor. When they were in a rage, although I have not given them any occasion for it, yet I begged their pardon, and even that of the girl I have spoken of. Her arrogance rose to that height, that I would not have treated the meanest slave as she treated me.

One day, as she was dressing me, she pulled me roughly, and up she insolently. I said, "It is not on my account that I answer you, for you give me no pain, but lest you should not thus before persons to whom it would give offence. Moreover, as I am your mistress, God is assuredly offended therewith." She left me and ran like a mad woman in my husband, telling him she would stay no longer. I treated her so ill, and that I hated her for the care she took of him. I saw my husband coming in a rage. I thought he was going to strike me. I waited the blow with equanimity. He did not strike, for he had no power of mind enough to see what an indignity it would be, but in his rage he threw his arms at me. He fell near me without touching me; after which he used such language, as if I had been the most infamous of creatures. I kept silent, being rectified in the Lord, to suffer for His sake all these things.

The girl came in. At sight of her I was in a rage. I said, "I have said to God, 'I will suffer what He will send me.' My husband ordered me to beat her, which I readily did and appeared him. I went presently to my dear child, where I was sooner than my Divine Director impelled me to make this girl a present, which I did. She was astonished, but her heart was too hard to be softened. She let me down and made complaints of me to everybody. But all this rebounded to my love and her disgrace. Sometimes she ran in the street, crying out, 'Am I not unhappy to have such a mistress?' People gathered about her to know what I had done, and she answered, 'I had not spoken to her all the day. They laughed, and said, 'She has done you no great harm, then.'"

My husband was out of humor with my devotion. "What," said he, "you love God so much that you love me no longer." I endeavored to please him in everything he could require of me. God gave me such a purity of soul that I had not a bad thought. Sometimes my husband said to me, "One sees plainly that you never lose the presence of God."

The world, so long I quitted it, persecuted and ridiculed me. I was its entertainment, and the subject of its fables. It could not bear that a woman, twenty, should thus make war against it, and overcome. My mother-in-law took part with the world, and blamed me for not doing things as a fit her heart she would have been highly offended had I done them. I was a one lost and alone; so little communion had I with the creature. I came to experience these things, "I have, yet not I, but Christ lives in me" (Gal. ii. 20); for He was the soul of my soul, and the life of my life. His operations were so powerful, sweet, and serene, I could not express them. We were into the country, on business. Oh, what unspeakable communications did I there experience in retirement!

I WAS INSATIABLE FOR PRAYER; I arose at four to pray. Such a power I found in life so different from the women of the world, said I was a fool. I went into company, of which I could not speak; so much was I engaged with the Lord.

The good Princess father, who was the instrument of my conversion, made me acquainted with the Benediction, one of the great secrets of God. She paid of great service to me.

My husband and mother-in-law, and even now, ORDERED ME TO LEAVE OFF PRAYER, and the exercise of piety; but I could not.

I had often grievous fits of sadness and no consolation in life, but in prayer, and in giving Mother Grace. My

conscience stirred up my husband and mother-in-law to hinder me from praying. They watched me from morning till night. I durst not go from my mother-in-law's chamber or my husband's bedside. When my husband and mother-in-law played at cards, if I did but turn to the fire, they watched to see if I shut my eyes. If I closed them, they would be in a fury for hours. When my husband went abroad, he would not allow me to pray in his absence.

There is hardly a far more equal to that of being ardently drawn to retirement, and not having in one's power to be satisfied. But, O my God, the more they labored to separate me from Thee, the

brought me in love with His holy cross. I was a stranger to those interior and spiritual books where such states are described. I had only read Esquels de Sales, Thomas à Kempis, The Spiritual Combat, and the Holy Scriptures.

All amusements appeared dull and insipid. I wondered how I had ever enjoyed them. I could not but adore the will of God, although sometimes an itching heart tempted me to murmur. I thought that martyrs gave their lives for Christ. I thought them happy, and sighed after their privilege of suffering for Him; for I so esteemed the cross, that my greatest trouble was want of suffering as much as my heart thirsted for.

THE PECULIAR PROPERTY OF PRAYER OF THE HEART IS TO GIVE A STRONG FAMILY. Mine was without limits, as was also my resignation to God, and my confidence in Him, my love of His will, and of the order of His Providence over me. I was immoveable before now fearing nothing. In such a case one feels the efficacy of the words, "My voice is easy, and my burden is light." (Matt. xi. 30).

What surprised me most was the great difficulty I had to say vocal prayers. As soon as I opened my lips, the love of God seized me so strongly, I was swallowed up in a profound silence and an

through unwatchfulness. But, O my Lord, with what rigor didst Thou punish them! A useless glance was checked as a sin. How many tears did these faults cost me which I felt into, through a weak compliance, and even against my will! How often didst Thou make me sensible of Thy love towards me.

O sinner! hast thou any reason to complain of God? Admit it is owing to thyself if thou goest wrong; that on departing from Him thou disobeyest His will; and remember after all this, WHEN THOU RETURNEST, HE IS READY TO RECEIVE THEE.

When I was at Paris, and the clergy saw me so young, they appeared astonished. These to whom I opened my state told me that I could never enough thank God for the graces conferred on me; that if I knew them I should be amazed; and if I were not faithful, I should be most ungrateful. Some declared they never knew any woman whom God held so closely, and in so great a purity of conscience. I became deeply assured of what the Prophet hath said, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen watch in vain" (Ps. cxxvii. 1). Th. u. u. O my Love, what faithful keepers, who would defend my heart against all enemies, preventing the least fault, or correcting them, when visibly had accustomed their being committed. Let others ascribe their victory to their own fidelity. I shall never at tribute them to anything else than Thy paternal care over me.

While in Paris, I relaxed in my exercises, on account of the little time I had, and the distress and distress which had seized my heart, the hand which sustained me being hid, and my B ly d withdrawn, and I fell into faults.

As I saw that the purity of my state was like to be sullied by too great commerce with the creatures, I made haste to finish what had detained me. I consulted and the soul purified by it. I was like the dove out of the ark, which, finding no rest for the sole of her foot, was constrained to return to the ark; but, finding the window shut, could only fly about it.

One day, I went to take a walk in a public park, from excess of vanity to show myself. After this I was invited to an entertainment at St. Cloud. Through vanity and weak compliance, I went. The affair was magnificent; they could not resist it, but I was filled with bitterness. I could not do anything, enjoy nothing; my disgust appeared on my countenance. Oh, what tears did it cost me! For above three months my beloved withdrew His favoring presence, and I could see nothing but an angry God.

I was on this occasion, and in another journey which I took with my husband into Touraine, like those animals destined to slaughter, which on certain days they adorn with greens and flowers, and bring in pumpkins to the city, before they kill them. This week became, on the eve of its decline, shone forth with new brightness, in order to become the sooner extinct. I was shortly afterwards afflicted with small-pox.

One day as I walked to church, followed by a footman, in crossing a bridge I met a poor man; I went to give him alms; he thanked me but refused them, and then spoke in a wonderful manner of God; he showed me my whole heart, my love to God, my charity, as well as my too great fondness for my beauty, and all my faults. He told me the Lord required of me the utmost purity and height of perfection. My heart ached and I heard him with silence and respect. His words penetrated my soul; I have never seen the man since.

(To be continued.)

## ESTHER'S COURAGE.



"Go, gather all the Jews that are present in Shushan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in to the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish."

more closely didst Thou unite me to Thyself. The flame of Thy love was kindled, and kept me by ever rising fire was done to extinguish it.

I was scarce able to contain the fire which burned in my soul, which had all the fervor of what man is able to love, but nothing of its impetuosity; for the more ardent, the more peaceable it was. This fire gave a strength from everything that was done to suppress it. I LIVED WITHOUT CONSIDERING A MOTIVE FOR LOVING; for nothing passed in my mind, but much in the innermost recesses of my soul. I thought not about any recompense, gift, or favor.

The Well-Beloved was Himself the object which attracted my heart. I knew nothing else, but to love and to suffer. Oh, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the doctors, since it taught me so well Christ crucified, and

inexpressible peace. I made fresh attempts, but still in vain. There was made in me, without the sound of words, a continual prayer, which seemed to me to be the prayer of Christ Himself; a prayer of the Word, made by the Spirit, that asketh for us that which is good, perfect, and comfortable to the will of God (Rom. viii. 26, 27).

My domestic cares continued. I was prevented from seeing or writing to Mrs. Greuger, going to divine service was a woeful offence; and the only amusement I had left me was visiting the sick poor, and performing the lowest offices for them.

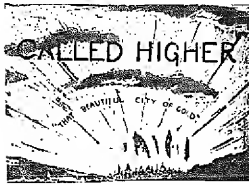
I set out on a journey we had to make, and appeared like those lamps which emit a new flush, when just on the point of extinguishing. Alas! how many snares were laid in my way at every step! I even committed inhumanities

## DO NOT COMPROMISE.

The uncompromising way of a Salvationist in denouncing sin and going straight for souls, have made our work the success it is to-day. Do not lower this standard of holy living and fearless battling because some other Christians happen to do it. You have nothing to do with the example of Christians, you have everything to do with the example of Christ.

Did He ever fail to rebuke sin? Did He ever fail to make people feel that nothing was worth God's acceptance but all that a man had? And yet you never knew Jesus Christ to bludgeon or upbraid a man's prodigality until he had convinced that man's judgment. He rebuked sin, but it was sometimes only with the power of His pure presence, with the keenness of His searching love. He did not do so much in condemning a man as in making that man find himself. Do you see the infinite difference which lies in that?

Don't heed straight for a man's pipe and call it "filthy." It is the greatest comfort he has until you have shown him a greater. Talk to him so that his whole judgment rises up to join yours, and he is brought to pronounce it "filthy" for himself.—Major Allen.



## From Dresden to Glory.

"Faithful unto death," can be said of our dear comrade, Sister Mrs. Michael, who has passed away to be with Jesus, after enduring great suffering for several months. During her sickness she told me the story of her conversion.

Attending an S. A. meeting she heard Capt. Coy sing, "The Bible my mother gave to me." This made her think of her Bible which she had not read for 12 years. Going home she opened it and read, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "I came," she said, "and found rest."

"I'm so glad I obeyed God, and had my pride taken away, for pride can never enter heaven," she said on another occasion. "I'm all right, should He call me. His will be done." A few days before she passed away, while suffering extremely, she looked at her husband and son, who were weeping, and said, "Don't cry for me, I'm going where there will be no more pain. You all be good and meet me in Heaven." She made arrangements for her funeral, and spoke about dying as we would do who were going on an earthly journey. She wished to be buried in her uniform and to sing the following hymns at her funeral:

"Above the waters of earthly strife,  
Above the hills and caves of life;  
My home is there, my home is there,  
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair,  
—and—

"'Tis true there's a beautiful city,"  
and to read Rev. xxi. 1-8.  
Her wishes were carried out. Bishop McHarg assisted with the funeral service, and also the memorial service at night. She was a faithful soldier, always willing to do her share. Her place is vacant. We shall miss her. Who'll take up the cross in her stead?—E. Altun, Bishop.

## From Kingston to the Ranks Above

One by one they are numbered home, this time our comrade, Secretary Mrs. Downey, is summoned home. We shall not soon forget her ready consistent life and untiring efforts for the rearing of sinners.



Mrs. Downey was a member of the League of Mercy, and was always faithful in her visiting of the different institutions of the city, and sometimes in the court room pleading for some poor fallen girl, for her heart was full of love and pity for the deepest distressed. She spent about three years as an officer in the field, when she was known then as Lieut. and Capt. Annie Bureau, but her health failing her job was compelled to retire from office. Still her zeal for God did not slacken, when her strength seemed so very limited. "I cannot do much, but I want to do a little," she used to say, and we can say truthfully, "She hath done what she could."

Her deathbed was truly that of a Christian. Her last words were, while she loosened her grasp of her husband's hand, "Don't hold me back—I see the river—I see Jesus"—and the next moment her spirit had taken its flight.

## THE FUNERAL.

Officers, soldiers and friends met at the house and marched to the barracks, headed by the brass band. The funeral was conducted by Adj. and Mrs. McAmmond and Adj. Byers.

God wonderfully sustained the bereaved husband, and helped him in the meet to speak a few words as to how God's all-sufficient grace. The blow had come very hard but God had sustained him.

The service at the grave was impressive. As we stood around the open grave we pledged ourselves to be true and faithful, to live and die at our post, and to hear the Father's "Well done!"

At the memorial service, which was held the following Sunday, many hearts were stirred to greater zeal and devotion to Christ and His cause.

"When the mighty angel trumpet blows sounds come, come away,  
Oh, may we be ready to hail that great day."  
—D. F. McAmmond.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. PATTERSON, VANCOUVER SHELTER.

## Child of Milbrook's Secretary.

Death has again visited our corps and taken away the flower of the flock out of the home of Secretary and Mrs. Thinsell, the only daughter, Amelia E. Thinsell, aged four months and seven days. We extend our greatest sympathy and pray that God will comfort and cheer the bereaved parents. We marched from the barracks to the home, where a solemn service was conducted by Capt. D. W. Williams and Lieut. O'Neill, warning the people to flee from the wrath to come, and to ask themselves, "Where am I to spend eternally?" At the grave we sang, "Shall we gather at the river?" Then Lieutenant prayed. Bro. Killingsworth and Bro. Sanderson spoke on behalf of the bereaved parents, who stood at the head of the grave, and with uplifted hands we sang, "It'll be true, Lord, to Thee."—Emily Hornan.

## Sergeant Lee, of Halifax.

One of our oldest, most respected and faithful soldiers, Sgt. John Lee, our first War Cry Sergeant—although unable to do active duties these few years past—has passed peacefully away. A complicated disease caused him much suffering, but he bore it with great patience,

and was resigned to the Divine will. Having been a member of the Bricklayers' and Masons' Union, this body attended the funeral, and showed practical sympathy, and was a very large and impressive funeral-march, headed by Halifax 1. Brass Band, which discoursed appropriate music, terminating at Camp Hill Cemetery. After the usual S. A. services, which were conducted by Adj. McGillivray, the remains of our dear departed brother were laid to rest on the bosom of mother earth. We heartily sympathize with his wife and children, most of whom are connected with the corps, in their sad bereavement. May the Lord bless them. A memorial service was held on Saturday night, conducted by Adj. McLean, when several spoke of our comrade's faithfulness. One soul sought the Lord in this meeting.—Treas. Carlin.

The late Auxiliary Secretary had many plans which he was hoping to have seen operated for increasing the number of our Auxiliaries. These will all receive much consideration, and will probably be carried out as far as possible. One part of his plan was to engage the old of existing Auxiliaries to enlist others in the same service so that a kind of Reserve Force who would financially and spiritually back up the operations of our regular troops could be formed all over the country. You can aid us to this—will you do so?

Helps for J. S. Workers.  
THE FIRST PASSOVER.

Luke ii. 41-52.

Jesus was twelve years old at the time of our lesson. Doubtless during these years He had lived much like other boys, but with such a spirit upon Him His influence must have been felt among His playmates, for we are told in verse 40 that "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him."

NOTE.—What an example was Christ to every boy and girl! Only twelve years of age, and yet so goodly. Here is a lesson for Juniors.

Special and interesting gatherings were conducted at Jerusalem every year, to commemorate the Passover. These were great thanksgiving meetings, and thousands of people from the country all around Jerusalem came up to the city. Doubtless the boy Jesus had, with great pleasure, looked forward to this remarkable event.

Verse 41.—It was a big city. Thousands upon thousands had gathered and taken part in the worship of God. Now all is over, and the day has come for their departure for their homes. The father and mother set out from the city with others, thinking very little about their Son Jesus. Possibly they had an idea that He was among the crowd, and would make his appearance all right. They had got a full day's journey before they missed Him. Then they began to fear.

Verse 42.—Imagine the distress of Joseph and Mary! We have often heard of little children wandering away in some clothes and being lost. Only a short time ago a dear child left his home, wandered out into the street, got on the car track and was crushed to death. When the little dead body was brought into the house the poor mother cried fearfully. It is no wonder that His parents felt worried when Jesus was missing. They searched among the crowd, but found Him not. Then they returned to the big city.

Verse 43.—What a sad and dreary day! They must have tropped the streets hour after hour. Their poor feet must have been worn and weary. But they found Him. Little did they think that He would be in the Temple! Other boys would have wandered about the streets. Some may have been found crying on account of the loss of their parents, but Jesus had actually been talking to and advising the great men of learning. He was not only listening to what they had to say, but He asked them knotty questions.

Verse 44.—NOTE.—Jesus was learning all He could. He therefore sought out these great men in order to better understand spiritual things. This should be an example to every child to do the same. Company meetings should be attended regularly. Attention should be given to all the Company Leader says. As Christ studied these old scrolls, so Juniors should read up their lessons.

Verse 45.—Christ's parents could not yet understand the strange actions of their son. They could not comprehend why Jesus acted as He did. Thought it wrong of Him to have caused them so much sorrow. Their amazement must have been all the greater when Jesus said to them: "How is it that ye have sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Such an reply made them wonder even more. Was He not their Son? Ought He not to obey them? Should He have caused them so much worry? Then to tell them He was about His Father's business, seemed indeed a strange reply.

Verse 46.—NOTE.—Yet Christ obeyed His parents. We are told "He went down with them." Though His Heavenly Father demanded His first attention and consideration, yet Jesus loved His earthly parents and loved to obey them. Saved children should be obedient, loving, kind, and gentle at home.

Christ went down to Nazareth with His parents and "was subject unto them." That means He obeyed them. Salvation should have this effect upon every boy and girl.

Verse 47.—Surely Mary must have had some wonderful thoughts and ideas about her boy! She evidently thought that His life was to be a marvelous one. He acted so differently to other boys. He said such deep things that no one could understand. He "increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Day by day did Jesus add to His spiritual knowledge. No doubt all His spare time at home was devoted to prayer and thought. Even in His youthful days His future life must have been ever before His mind. Juniors should not rest satisfied with their present experience. Every opportunity to learn and develop in the Divine life should be made use of. God has a plan for every child.

MEMORY TEXT.  
"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"



LONDON were pleased to attend still we

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HOULI post, and Adj. Mc the just the salvation

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PARIS. The wor ranks ag taken for ticular e a good Cor.

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HELEN said good farewell to the English Com murch a Phillips' were also the Whi

HAVE many ende out farewelled the meet. M Leadi. L deelt with Jesus. T

SPARK had three coming h though s to say a very bli bleeding y Connell

LITTLE had a gulmand to clear barracks of two good sp good shi tleugh l

CATA holiness In the service, on fire, near. A believe it eternally. Closed u —Lieut.

SOCIA Social I Agent, been th saved fr He goes cook, in char turned fair hie

WIND been at Southall tans in Sunday



ve years old at the time  
Doubtless during those  
ed much like other boys,  
3 spirit upon him. His  
avo been felt among his  
ve are told in verse 40  
grew and waxed strong  
with wisdom, and the  
is upon him."  
an example was Christ  
girl! Only twelve years  
so good. Here is a

breasting gatherings were  
rueless every year, to  
Passover. These were  
g meetings, and thou-  
from the country all  
came up to them.  
Jesus had, with great  
forward to this festival.

a big city. Thousands  
and gathered and taken  
trip of God. Now all  
y has come for their  
ir homes. Christ's fa-  
set out from the city  
God has been helping us  
We are in for victory. War Cry's all sold  
—Lieut. Cornish.

HOULTON.—We held meetings at out-  
post, and were accompanied by our D. O.,  
Adjt. McLean, and Adjt. McGee. During  
the past week five precious souls sought  
salvation.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

MINOT, N. D.—In spite of the storm  
on Sunday we had good crowds. God  
came very near and blessed us all. At  
night we had an enrollment of three  
recruits, and ONE precious soul in the  
Fountain.

PARIS.—Again we can claim victory.  
The work is progressing. The devil's  
ranks again broken up. Three prisoners  
taken for God. One good case in par-  
ticular came back to God, who once was  
good soldier.—Wm. McLaughlin, Reg. Cor.

PORT HOPE.—Thursday we had a  
visit from our D. O., Ensign Kendall,  
also Lieuts. Dora and Owens. The meet-  
ing was enjoyed by all. One precious soul  
sought and found Jesus. Praise God!  
Sunday, good times all day, large crowds.  
—Anno Brown, R. C.

BONAVIDA, N.D.—Looking back over  
the past week, we see many things that  
cause our hearts to rejoice. We have  
labored, but not in vain. One that did  
wrong and grieved God came back on  
Wednesday night. We believe there was  
joy in heaven.—J. Gosling.

BLENNIE.—Since last report we have  
said good-bye to Lieut. Bonney. One soul  
fellowed from sin. Had a visit from  
Ensign Collier with letters, which was  
much appreciated. Mrs. Staff-Captain  
Phillips' report on the Harvest Festival  
was also much appreciated. Evidently  
the War Cry is improving—Glen Groom.

GLAVENHURST.—Good meetings and  
many under deep conviction. Lieut. North-  
cott fellewelled for Newmarket. May God  
speed the Lieutenant to her new appoint-  
ment. Monday night welcome meeting of  
Lieut. Lillard. She is all right. The  
devil will have to run awry. Glory be to  
Jesus.—T. Tindle, Cor.

MELNIK.—Since last report we have  
had three souls in the fountain. Since  
coming here we have had a very pleasant,  
though short stay. We are sorry to have  
to say good-bye, the people having been  
very kind. We pray that God's richest  
blessing may be with them.—Lieut. H. Mc-  
Connell.

LITTLE CURRENT.—On Thursday we  
had a very successful banquet at Sheg-  
gumundah, the proceeds of which went  
to clear off the remaining debt on the  
barracks. There was also an enrollment  
of two recruits. Everyone exhibited  
good spirit, satisfaction and pleasure.  
Good singing by Indian comrades. Hal-  
lelujah!—John H. Bequithaux, Cor.

CATALINA.—Sunday, knee-drill and  
holiness meetings were times of blessing.  
In the afternoon we had a dedication  
service. Barracks peaked. Soldiers all  
on fire, and at night the Lord came very  
near. Although no one yielded yet we  
believe there was a good work done for  
eternity. Meetings good all the week.  
Closed up with one soul in the Fountain.  
—Lieut. Richards.

SOCIAL FARM.—Srct. Povey, of the  
Social Reform Branch and G. B. M.  
Agel, fellewelled on Sunday. He has  
been three months cook here, and was  
saved from his sins several years ago.  
He goes to the Shelter in Hamilton, as  
cook. Sgt. Major Edwards is again  
in charge of the corps. Adjt. Dodd re-  
turned from a three weeks' furlough in  
fair health.—Chas. C. Gooda.

WINDSOR, Ont.—For some time it had  
been announced that Major and Mrs.  
Southall would conduct a week-end meet-  
ing in Windsor, and last Saturday and  
Sunday found them on the bridge doing

## THE WAR CRY.

13



their best to get sinners saved and  
believers revived. Mrs. Southall's song,  
"My mother's Bible," was a beauty. At  
night Major spoke with effect from St.  
John vii. 17. The meetings were good,  
and all got blessed. The furloughs were  
also very fair.—Fred Burton, Capt.

LETHBRIDGE, N. W. T.—Thank God  
for victory in the past week. We have had  
the joy of seeing many souls in the fon-  
tain. God has answered our prayers.—  
Maudie Rosaline, R. C.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Weather very  
wet. Crowds improving and God's spirit  
is at work in our midst. One soul has  
stepped from darkness to light this week.  
Confessors doing well. War Cry all sold.  
—J. C. H.

HESLER.—Since last report there has  
been a fierce battle between the powers of  
darkness, and the power of God, but,  
praise God, we are having the victory.  
Two souls came for pardon last night.  
—W. H. R. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—Since our last report  
we have had very good meetings here,  
and we have had the joy of seeing three  
souls at the penitent font, two of them  
strong men and one a Junior. We also  
had an enrollment of six recruits Sunday  
afternoon, being the first enrollment of  
the Lethbridge corps.—Yours in the war,  
M. Rosaline, R. C.

OKANES, N. D.—Sunday was a day of  
much blessing. Our comrades are in  
better fighting trim, crowds good, many  
under conviction. One poor unfortunate  
fellow under the influence of strong  
drink offered to pay the way for anyone  
who would go forward to the Mercy Seat.  
How willingly people would buy their  
way into heaven.—Capt. Herringshaw.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—We were delight-  
ed to have Lieut. Collins with us again  
on Tuesday night. Lieutenant was one  
of the first to help open fire in this town,  
and by her good, open fire, consistent life  
won the hearts of the people. Adjt. Mac-  
namara, visiting her District again this  
week, got back for week-end meetings,  
which, thank God, were very good.—  
T. Tricker.

MINNIDOSA.—The Proprietor of the  
Queen's Hotel has kindly let us have meet-  
ings in his bar-room. He always has a  
crowd there waiting for us. We praise God  
for such an opportunity of speaking to  
them, and we are earnestly praying and  
believing that God will bring many who  
have not salvation to the Cross. God is on  
our side, and we are bound to win. Our  
fighting for Jesus, Cadet H. C. Buhkitt.

BIG TIMES AT THE TEMPLE.

Sunday was a blessed time to our  
souls. God worked in a wonderful way.  
Adjt. Byers, from Barrie, was with us,  
also Bro. Scott and wife, from Guelph.  
Good crowds, good finances, and last,  
but not least, five souls. Adjt. Barnes,  
the worthy officer in command, is making  
great strides and a good work is being  
done for the Master.—E. B.

MONTEAL 11.—Staff Captain Rawlings  
was with us on Monday morning and after-  
noon; Ensign Collier and Captain King  
at night. We had a real blessed time; one soul  
came to God. Tuesday we held a cottage  
meeting and one brother came to God.  
Wednesday Mrs. Adjutant Durdill led the  
meeting. Saturday night Captain Ward  
arrived home again. We are all glad to see  
her again. Sunday afternoon one sister  
returned to God.—W. G. R. C.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Ensign Cummins  
was with us last week. Tuesday night lantern  
service. The King's Daughter was very  
much appreciated by all. Wednesday night  
he had his talking machine to the front.  
Thursday night showed how records were  
made, and Friday night led the Holiness  
Meeting, when a young man volunteered for  
cleansing. Good week end. Sunday night  
very impressive meeting. Believing for a  
break.—Trifloria.

PRINCEALTON, Mont.—Since our last re-  
port the joy of seeing our soul in the fon-  
tain. Praise God, Sisters Bets and Nesbit  
have both fellewelled for the field. The  
prayers and good singing of comrades and  
friends go with them. Capt. Kerr also has  
fellewelled from the Rescue Home. Bro.  
and Sister Monte have returned to Helena  
after an absence of several months. Good  
crowds and glorious meetings all day Sun-  
day. Soldiers turn out well to roll call.—M.  
H. Wickersham, Corps Cor.

BURIN, Nfld.—Harvest Festival is over  
and our target is reached. Hallelujah!  
We are not sleeping but up and doing.  
Although you have not heard from us  
this summer, we have had twenty-three  
souls out for salvation. Hallelujah!  
Had a grand old time last night. Two  
backsliders came back to God and the  
Army. We ended our day's fighting with a  
march round the barracks.—Capt. L.  
Burgdon.

SUDBURY.—News was received that  
Adjt. Scott and Lieut. Matthews would  
farewell Oct. 23, after nearly 12 months in  
the front of the light here. May God's  
 richest blessing follow them. The query  
is: Who will come next? Who ever our  
future leaders may be they may feel as-  
sured that their soldiers are with them to  
push the war. We welcome Mother Mitchell  
to our midst from Port Hope. One soul  
Sunday.—N. R. Tricker, J. S. S. M.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Meeting on last  
Sunday night was led by Capt. and Mrs.  
Fred Knight, who have been resting at  
home for a few weeks. They were met by  
Lieut. Doyle and Lieut. McLeod, who  
are also here on furlough. Capt. Prince,  
Mrs. Adjt. Creighton and part of the corps  
visited the outpost in the afternoon. Our  
Sunday night meeting was well attended  
and very impressive. A guitar and banjo  
met by Fred Hawley and Capt. Knight.  
Was listened to with much attention.  
War Cry all sold.—Treasurer Jos.

CALGARY, N. W. T.—Since last report  
we have had the joy of seeing TWO  
souls at the penitent font, seeking sal-  
vation. May God help them to be real  
soldiers of the Cross. Harvest Festival  
was a grand success. Ensign worked  
hard. Soldiers did their part nobly. We  
had the barracks nicely decorated. Good  
auction sale and ice cream and cake  
social. God was with us, and with His  
help we were victorious in the salvation  
of fifteen souls. Our meetings are times of  
blessing and inspiration, and our platform  
is getting too small. The converts are  
taking their stand under the blood of  
Fire and not long ago we had an enroll-  
ment, and there are more to follow. We  
have also gone over our target for Harvest  
Festival; the soldiers in general have all  
shown a beautiful spirit in doing their  
part.—Albert H. Cook, R. C.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—Since last report we  
have every reason to thank God for His  
gracious blessing upon us in the salvation  
of fifteen souls. Our meetings are times of  
blessing and inspiration, and our platform  
is getting too small. The converts are  
taking their stand under the blood of  
Fire and not long ago we had an enroll-  
ment, and there are more to follow. We  
have also gone over our target for Harvest  
Festival; the soldiers in general have all  
shown a beautiful spirit in doing their  
part.—Albert H. Cook, R. C.

WINNIPEG.—God is giving us victory  
and soldiers are on fire. We have seen  
a few souls out for clean hearts, since last  
report, and two come for pardon. We be-  
lieve many more are on the point of de-  
lusion. Major McMillan was with us for  
Soldiers' Meeting, and God wonderfully  
blessed us. Tuesday night our "Pound  
Meeting" led by the cadets, was a grand  
success. The barracks were crowded and  
every one seemed to have a proper good  
time. We are more than ever determined  
to win precious souls for God. Our War  
Cry, "which are many," go almost before  
we know it. Hallelujah!—Russell, Cadet.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Ensign and Mrs.  
Alford have gone on a well-earned rest,  
and Capt. Lister and Lieut. Galt are  
supplying until the recruits. Our meet-  
ings have been very good, especially this  
last week-end, when we had the joy of  
seeing seven souls coming to Jesus. On  
Sunday night all the city staff, as well  
as the training officers, were present, led  
by Brigadier Howell, Capt. and Mr.  
Loezy are also in the city. Our faith is  
away up for the special meetings, com-  
mencing Monday. Cadets, Capt. and  
Lieut. until the Thursday following. As  
to the results you can look out for an  
interesting report.—X. Y.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—The Town Hall  
was packed with an interested audience,  
Thursday evening of last week, when the  
Salvation Army presented to their friends  
an inviting program. Mayor Hay pre-  
sented. After the opening prayer a Adjt.  
McLean took the initiative in the even-  
ing of a Hallelujah Wedding. John  
Pinnamore and Miss Dannie McCreas be-  
came the contracting parties. After the  
Adjt. had gone through the Army fran-  
chise, Rev. W. J. Rutledge in due form  
discharged the clerical requirements to  
make the blessing complete and good. The  
chairman and Rev. Mr. Rutledge were  
each very happy in their words of coun-  
selation to the bride and groom. A

solo was sung, when L. E. Young, Esq.,  
was introduced and delivered a very  
practical address on the past, present and  
future of the temperance movement. The  
entire ceremonies of the evening were  
pleasant. Section Adjt. McGee was a  
hustler, a hard worker, and is keeping  
everything up to date, but repentant  
sinners are scarce. Capt. Sin McDonald,  
on furlough, visiting us.—E. B. Sien.

TEMPLE.—Brigadier and Mrs. Fien-  
rich conducted three meetings at the  
Temple, on Sunday, Oct. 15th. The sol-  
diers and handmen turned out well to  
the open-air and the meetings, the  
ring, the Jubilee Hall being filled at night.  
A most inspiring feeling pervaded the meet-  
ing in the forenoon, and the afternoon  
was greatly enjoyed by all present. Four  
souls were the result of the night meet-  
ing, and all of them gave clear testimo-  
nies to having found salvation.—L.

RICHMOND ST.—Ensign Fleischer with  
his Cadet warriors to the front last  
Sunday. There was a terrible break in  
the devil's ranks. In the afternoon three  
came out for salvation. The soldiers  
were very near and blessed us all. God  
came up again in the evening with a  
fervent zeal. Two of the afternoon con-  
verts took their stand in the open-air  
ring. The evening meeting surpassed  
everything. Three backsliders came  
home, making a total of SIX for the  
day. Shouting Jimmy still alive.—Cadet  
Churchill.

BONAVIDA, Nfld.—This has been  
a very busy week (Harvest Festival)  
but we had a great victory. Soldiers  
and friends are jubilant over it. We  
went a long way over our target. We  
achieved this victory by energy and all  
pulling the one way. From the be-  
ginning the soldiers manifested great  
enthusiasm. On Sunday night—what a  
time we can all meet together—we had  
a Jubilee wind-up at the end of the  
meeting, a real joyful telling out in  
new words how God helped us in our  
H. F. work. I have joined in the search  
for boomers and have succeeded in  
Churchill.

KINGSTON.—Praise God for another  
week of victory—souls sought, sinners  
humbled and God glorified. On Sunday  
we had with us the Rev. Mr. Evans, from  
Brooklin, N. Y. In the afternoon he  
spoke from "Prayer." His message was  
by taking up the truths of Paul, and  
was very helpful. At night he spoke  
from Rev. vii. 14, "These are they who  
came out of great tribulation," etc. It  
was the memorial service of our de-  
parted comrade, Secretary Mrs. Downey.  
At the close of this meeting one man  
gave himself up to God. Our War Cry  
Bible is working hard. Cry all sold  
last week.—Adjt. McAmmond.

GALT.—Our old-time friend, Sgt. Major  
Reardon (Herringshaw), cleared our hearts by  
his smiling face and warm-hearted, earnest  
talks on Saturday and Sunday. He is a  
proper Salvationist, and always receives  
a warm welcome in Galt. Meetings were  
good all day; Holiness Meeting was held  
a time of power, and was very near and  
set a landsman at liberty. The night meet-  
ing was a hard pull, but thanks be to our  
God, four dear sinners came back to be-  
lieve. Ensign Scott tells of a nephew  
who refused to buy the War Cry, when she  
was called, but now takes one every week  
and wouldn't be without it. Soldiers and  
officers in good fighting trim, believing for  
wonderful victories.—J. B.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.—Just ended our  
35th Anniversary. Commenced Saturday,  
October 1st, ended the 4th. Major Collier,  
Adjt. McLean and Capt. Patterey arrived  
Saturday. Good meetings Saturday and  
Sunday. One started on the narrow  
way, and three raised their hands for  
prayers. Monday, reinforcements of offi-  
cers of District, including Fredrick,  
Woodstock, Houlton, Grand Marais. Good  
time at night, and three came forward.  
Grand finish Tuesday night. Musical  
meeting and coffee social. Our American  
comrades from Calais, Maine, and  
with us. Good open-air in Calais, and  
grand march to our own hall, where a  
big crowd was in waiting. Had lots of  
wonder and singing. Adjt. McGee read  
the lesson and three more claimed de-  
liverance from sin. About 11:30 we an-  
nounced our 35th Anniversary meeting. God.  
We are sorry to hear our dear officers,  
Capt. and Mrs. Thompson and Lieut.  
McIver, are far from home. May God  
strengthen them.—Geo. E. Stewart.

## Harry Hustler's Happy Hunting Ground.

**THE BOOM! THE BOOM! THE BOOM!**

**See the Conquering Hero Comes (Southall).**

**Over 1,300 Increase in the Third Boom Week—Hustlers Increasing—Southall's Seagram Still Leads—Bennett's Mag has Overtaken Gaskin Again—Gaskin's Nigger Wind-Broken, but Still Trotting—There are Others, but a Long Way Behind.**

The Boom is all right. Our office ra are plucky, especially in Ontario, and more especially in Western Ontario.

The Champion of the Boom, however, is Capt. Crego, of Sunbury (East Ontario Province) leading with 230 sales, just five ahead of Ensign Collett, of Brantford, who put on an extra 25 copiers this week. Both these officers are most deserving of comment for their enterprise, pluck and energy.

Adj. Coombs, Ensign Ottawa and Ensign Kerr are in the same positions, holding the next three highest figures of voluntary increases; they have been overtaken by Ensign Fox, who ordered 17,000 lbs. of grain.

### FBS COMPETITION

CAPT. CHENGO, Sunbury	230
ENSIGN COLETT, Bradford	221
ENSIGN FOX, St. Catharines	187
Adjt. Coombs, London	266
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	102
Ensign Kerr, St. John I. N. B.	63
Ensign Fletcher, Windsor	61
Capt. Campbell, Valley City	51
Capt. Gibson, Barnia	61
Ensign Dunn, Hespeler	50
Capt. McLeod, Ridgeway	6
Capt. Pearce, Moose J.	5
Capt. Macdonald, Albert	20
Capt. Mercer, Oake	15
Capt. Tynes, Almie Harbor	15
Capt. Hurst, Lethbridge	10
Capt. Fraser, Mimedoo	10
Capt. Graham, ...	10
Capt. Jones, Bowmanville	10
Capt. Perrenoud, Kallisp	10
Capt. Jarvis, Dryden	10
Capt. Cockerill, Forest	9
Capt. Westcott, Lorne	9

The Provincial Totals of Increases are  
now as follows :

Province.	Increase.
West Ontario .....	587
Central Ontario .....	257
East Ontario .....	230
North-West .....	147
Eastern .....	100
	10

An old proverb says, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," but this is reversed in War Cry Booming, judging by the above figures.

We promised a list according to percentage of all competing officers, but this has been postponed until the prizes are awarded, when everything will be made known together.

**MAISON F&B**

There is a merry race going on. South-  
n's Seagram is so far ahead that we  
can only see his tail flying in the frosty  
air; Bennett's Mag has evidently bene-  
fitted by Hargrave's oats, and with a  
mighty snort has rushed past Gaskin's  
Nigger. The latter animal is a little  
broken-winded, but still keeps on the  
run. Things are getting hot—the dust-  
rises list is getting longer, and—*you'll*  
—what you'll see.

Here we are : West Ontario 72 Hustlers, East Ontario only six behind, three lower Central Ontario. These three are dis-

In the distance follows the East with 26 Hustlers. Hurrah for the North-West, who has 25 names this week. Another cheer for Newfoundland, which actually reports nine Hustlers, that is one more than the Pacific, which brings up the rear.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

59. Unhappy

Capt. Hellman, London .....	273
Lieut. Hockin, Brandon .....	240
Ensign M. Collett, Branford .....	230
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock .....	225
Sister Jessie Couch, Stratford .....	148
Capt. Huntington, Strathroy .....	310
Lieut. Harwood, Sarnia .....	100

Cand. L. Hingler, Ridgelytown .....	90
Ensign Ottawa, Gulph .....	90
Sergt. G. Yeom in Cha him .....	90
Lieut. Pickle, Wallaceburg .....	90
Lieut. Gibson, Sarnia .....	90
Lieut. Fyfe, Petrolia .....	90
Capt. Myers, Gulph .....	90
Adj. Combs, London .....	90
Sergt.-Major M. Rock, Chatham ..	75
Ensign Scott, Galt .....	75
Capt. M. Keas, Watford .....	75
Sergt. Deurling, Heidelberg .....	75

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

66 Hustlers

Capt. Wilson, St. Albans .....	210
Capt. N. McNancy, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks) .....	163
Lieut. H. Young, St. Johnsbury (av. 2 wks) .....	163
Capt. Connors, Ottawa .....	144

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

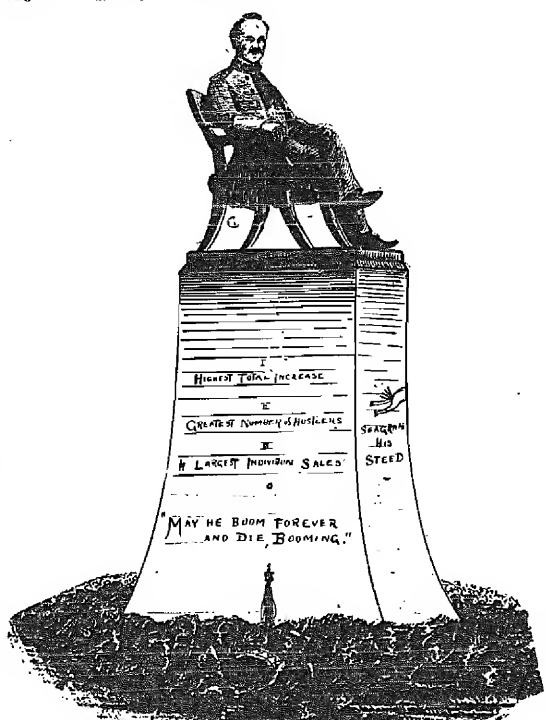
63. Kustletu

Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	90
Lieut. Cupper, Barrie	91
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	92
Ser. Jones, Temple	93
Ser. McCook, St. Catharines	94
Capt. W. White, Fessham	95
Lieut. Wadge, River Lake	97
Ser. D. H. Smith, St. Catharines	98
Capt. M. Pulling, Aurora	99
Lieut. Russell, Collingwood	58
Capt. Cressmer, Midland	59
Ser. D. H. Smith, St. Catharines	60
Cadet L. V. H. H. H. H. H.	61
Ensign Churchhill, Richmond St.	62
Ser. D. H. Smith, St. Catharines	63
Bro. C. A. Hamilton, I. I.	64
Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury	65
Capt. J. H. H. H. H. H.	66
Capt. Clark, Collingwood	67
Ensign Cameron, Riverside	68
Ser. Correll, Temple	69
Capt. S. H. H. H. H.	70
Ser. Major Bowmer, Lindsay	71
Capt. A. Nelson, Ontario	72
Lieut. H. H. H. H. H.	73
Ser. Major H. H. H. H. H.	74
Capt. Sherwin, Dundas	75

## EASTERN PROVINCE

#### 45. Huesillos

Capt. A. Horwood, Charlottetown	822
Cadet Taylor, St. John	161
Sltser C. Morcey, St. John	196
Lieut. Clerk, Yarmouth	177
Sergt. G. H. B. Allen, H. II	118
Capt. C. Allen, Westville	106
Capt. Brehan, St. John	100
Hrs. G. Wamholt, Halifax I.	70
Capt. Sals, New Brunswick	90
Capt. Bowring, Glace Bay	90
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, St. Stephens	85
Capt. Sals, New Brunswick	90
Pub. Sergt.-Major, St. John III	117
Sltser M. Graham, Halifax I.	70
Capt. A. Hunt, Sussex	100
Capt. E. J. Macdonald, Charlottetown	822
Lieut. Hinson, Westville	106
Mrs. Evelyn Fraser, Sprinhill	100
Capt. Ryan, St. John	117
Lieut. Davis, Canning	90
Lieut. Nuttall, Woodstock, N. B.	51
Sergt. McDougall, Glace Bay	90
Capt. Campbell, Knapton	49
Capt. England, Backville (iv. 2 wk)	49
Lieut. Miller, Annapolis	49
Cand. Quigley, Knapton	49
Cand. Auger, Springhill	49
Cand. Fisher, Halifax I.	49
Sltser H. Ferguson, Halifax I.	49
Hrs. R. Brown, St. John	117
Sergt. Allen, St. John III	31
Capt. McCrae, Woodstock, N. B.	31



HARRY HIGHTLER'S MUSTANG MEBS



## Endure Changes

### Supply all His Needs

## SIMMERINGS

By ENSIGN SIMS

He that committeth sin is of the d. vii.

Deceitfulness is not smartness—but  
levellingness.

Thank you

The man who has faith can help himself to the wealth of Heaven.

You can always stoop to pick up n-  
thing. Some people stoop and pick u  
egg.

Have you ever met the lady who rode  
at the collection plate when passed  
around?

The man who gives all his smiles and kind words away outside his own home is a hypocrite.

Smoking is a dirty, expensive and selfish gratification, indulged in at the expense of other people's comfort.

Did you ever come across the dear, kind friend, who knows better than our General how the Salvation Army should

It is not contrary to regulation for the Treasurer to attend knee-drill; neither is there any regulation forbidding Sgt.-Majors from selling War Crys on the streets.

## Our Anniversary.

By the date this issue leaves the press we will be in the midst of our Anniversary Meetings, which give promise to be of a character that will send back our toiling comrades to every part of the Territorial Field white-hot with the

**NORTH-WEST PROVINCE**

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.


PACIFIC PROVINCE.

S Hustlers.	
Capt. Perenoud, Kalspell .....	110
Capt. Floyd, Vancouver .....	90
Cadet Billson, Vancouver .....	88
Capt. Thorkildson, Nanaimo .....	90
Sergt. Van Camp, Dulan .....	79
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Wallace .....	62
Capt. Hooker, Wallace .....	30
Mrs. Garrow, Nanaimo .....	26

### Hints to Correspondents.

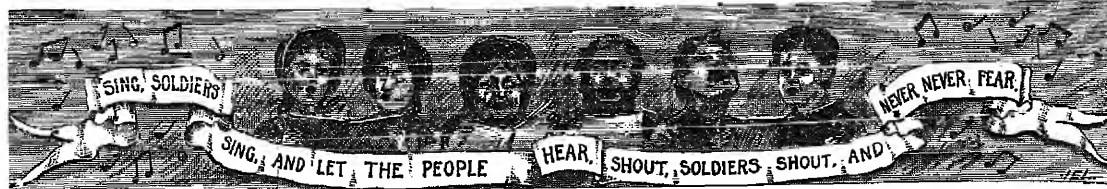
Write your reports in ink.  
You may use a post card.  
When writing on sheets, use only one side the paper.  
War Cry reports, when marked "Printer's Copy" and sent in unsealed envelopes or in wrappers, may be mailed at one cent per ounce.  
Post your reports on Monday mornings.  
Always carry note book and pencil.  
Not down things you see and hear that are likely to be of interest to Cry readers.  
When making your report select from these notes the best.  
Avoid long and difficult words.  
Avoid unnecessary words and sentences.  
Avoid repetition.

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY



**T**O those who think of travel to the  
**OLD COUNTRY,**  
 we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to **MAJOR SKEETON, 8, A. TOWNLE, Toronto.**





Now's the time, no longer stagger,  
Christ, the Saviour, calls to-day,  
If you miss this great salvation,  
Soon your chance will pass away.  
Bandmaster Goodchild.

#### The Waiting Saviour.

Tune.—Have you any room for Jesus?

5 Sinner, do you hear the Saviour  
Pleading, knocking at your door?  
Will you rise and let Him enter?  
He hath knocked so oft before.  
Chorus.

Come, poor sinner, don't reject Him,  
Christ, the Saviour, bids you come;  
When you stand before the Judgment  
You may hear the glad, "Well done!"

Once He died to save poor sinners,  
Died that we might be set free;  
Now He asks that we will serve Him;  
Oh, what shall the answer be?

Once He left His home in glory,  
Died that all the world might live;  
Sinner do not grieve His spirit,  
And your heart refuse to give.

Come, poor sinner, come, backslider,  
From the fold no longer torn;  
Jesus waits in love to greet you,  
He will welcome your return.  
G. S. King.

#### Salvation.

Tune.—Shall we meet? (B.J. 140).

6 Bleeding Lamb!—sinners, behold Him  
Groaning, dying in your stead;  
Streams of blood are from Him roll-  
ing,  
'Twas for every sinner shed.

#### Chorus.

Freely flows, yes, freely flows;  
Freely flows, yes, free'y flows;  
Freely flows the healing current,  
Washing whiter than the snow.

Nails have pierced His sacred body,  
Thorns have torn His tender brow;  
Cursed and smitten by His murderers,  
Prays, "Forgive them, Father, now!"

Bruised and blackened by the scourging,  
Broken-hearted thru' your crimes,  
Calvary's Lamb, the bleeding victim,  
Bows His sacred head and dies.

Heavens are clothed in blackest darkness,  
Lightning flashes, thunders roll,  
Gates are opened, dead arising,  
Christ has conquered every foe!

Arm yourself now by His power,  
Let this scene His spirit give;  
Be determined from this hour  
That for Christ alone you'll live.

#### Chorus

FOR

#### Testimony Meetings.

#### Key C.

A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,  
Savior my soul, making me whole,  
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,  
I know He is mighty to save.

#### Chorus.

Bye-and-bye, bye-and-bye, Je-us will  
Bye-and-bye, bye-and-bye, welcome me  
home;  
Then with the angels I'll sing the sweet  
song;

Redeemed by the Blood of the Crucified  
One

By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the  
tree,  
He redeemed me, Hallelujah!  
By the Blood my Saviour shed upon the  
tree,

I am now from sin set free.

Down at the Saviour's feet,  
Love binds it heaven all complete;  
Burdens rolled away, darkness turned to  
day,

Down at the Saviour's feet,

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!  
Praise the Lord from day to day;  
Things have changed completely round  
me,

Since I got saved in the great S. A.

I'm right down glad I ever joined the  
Army,  
I'm right down glad my heart gave way;  
For I'm going to kick the devil,  
And I have no time to tarry,  
And we'll all shout Hallelujah!

When the sinner gets saved.

I've a Friend that's ever near, never  
fear;  
He is ever near, never, never fear;  
I've a Friend that's ever near, never  
fear;  
He is ever near, never fear.

So we'll lift up the banner on high,  
The salvation banner of love;  
We'll light beneath its colors till we die,  
And march to our home above.

Steadily marching on, with our banner  
serving o'er us;  
Steadily marching on, as we raise the  
joyful chorus;

Steadily marching on, devils and men  
shall fall before us,  
Marching on to victory at our Lord's  
command.

'Twas a very happy day and no mistake,  
When Jesus from my heart did take  
The load of sin, that made it ache,  
And filled my heart with joy.

Thou art a Mighty Saviour,  
Thy love does never waver,  
Thou shalt be mine forever,  
And Thine alone I'll be.

There is no one like Jesus can cheer me  
to-day;  
His love and His kindness can ne'er fade  
away;

In winter, in summer, in sunshine, or  
rain,  
My Saviour's affections are always the  
same.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!  
ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST  
would do well to write to Territorial Head-  
quarters for information. We can offer most reliable  
security with interest for large or small sums. Full  
particulars can be had from H. C. H. & Co., Corner  
Dundas and Albert Streets, Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the  
Salvation Army, published by John  
M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House,  
10 Albert St., Toronto.

## WE ALWAYS TRY TO PLEASE.

Winter is Coming on and we are Ready

## SPLENDID VALUES IN OVERCOATING

Entirely New Lines.

Guaranteed Fast Color.

	Without Cape.	With Cape.
Worsted, No. 563	\$20 00	\$26 00
" " 1891	19 00	25 00
" " 4777	18 00	23 50
" " 4621	17 00	22 00
" " 494	16 00	21 00
Frieze	14 00	19 00

## WE ARE ALSO CARRYING A GOOD RELIABLE LINE OF MEN'S AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR & HOSE

For Winter Use.

### ENTIRELY NEW GOODS

#### FOR MEN

Shirt and Drawers, Natural Wool, per piece	\$0 50
" " Mottled, fleece lined, per piece	0 70
" " Alaska, " "	1 00
Half hose, per pair, at 20c. and	0 30

#### FOR LADIES.

Fleece lined Vests and Drawers, per pair	\$1 00
" Starter " Vests, each, 25c. and	0 50
Hygienic Drawers, per pair, 32c. and	0 40
Cashmere Hose, per pair, 30c. 40c. and	0 50

Ask your Provincial Officer to show you these goods and we are con-  
vinced you will give us your order. Respectfully,

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

#### Out of Love.

Tune.—Silver threads (B. J. 10).

4 On the cross of Calvary  
Hung the precious Son of God,  
For to save and bring poor lost ones  
To His all-atoning Blood,  
Oh, what awful pain He bore,  
Yet He not a murmur uttered  
While the cruel thorns He bore.

#### Chorus.

Oh, 'twas love that brought my Saviour  
Down to die upon the cross;  
'Twas His love so pure and precious,  
Brought Him down to save the lost.

Sinner, come away to Jesus,  
He is calling now for you;  
On the cross He bought your pardon,  
He will cleanse you through and  
through.